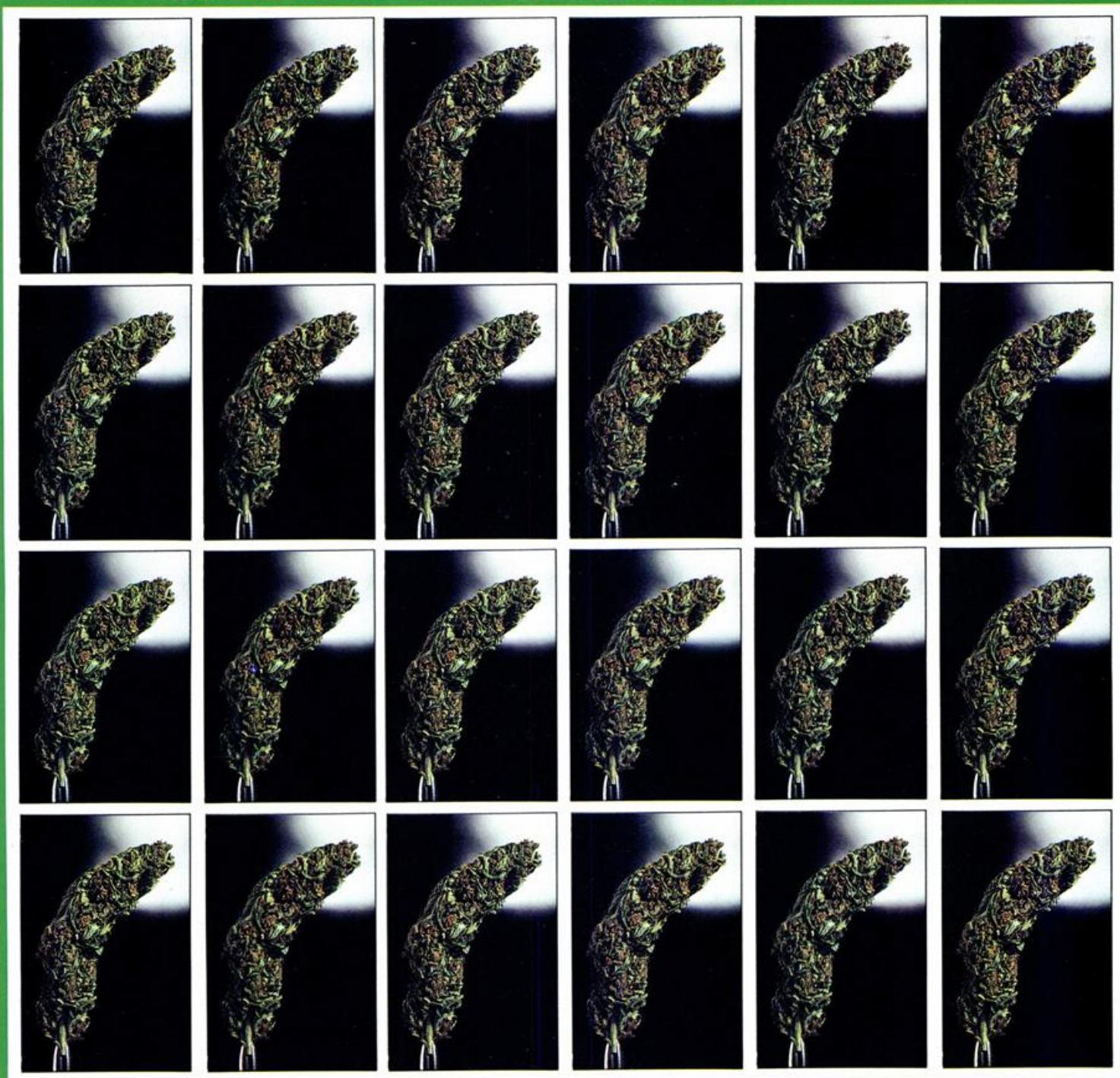


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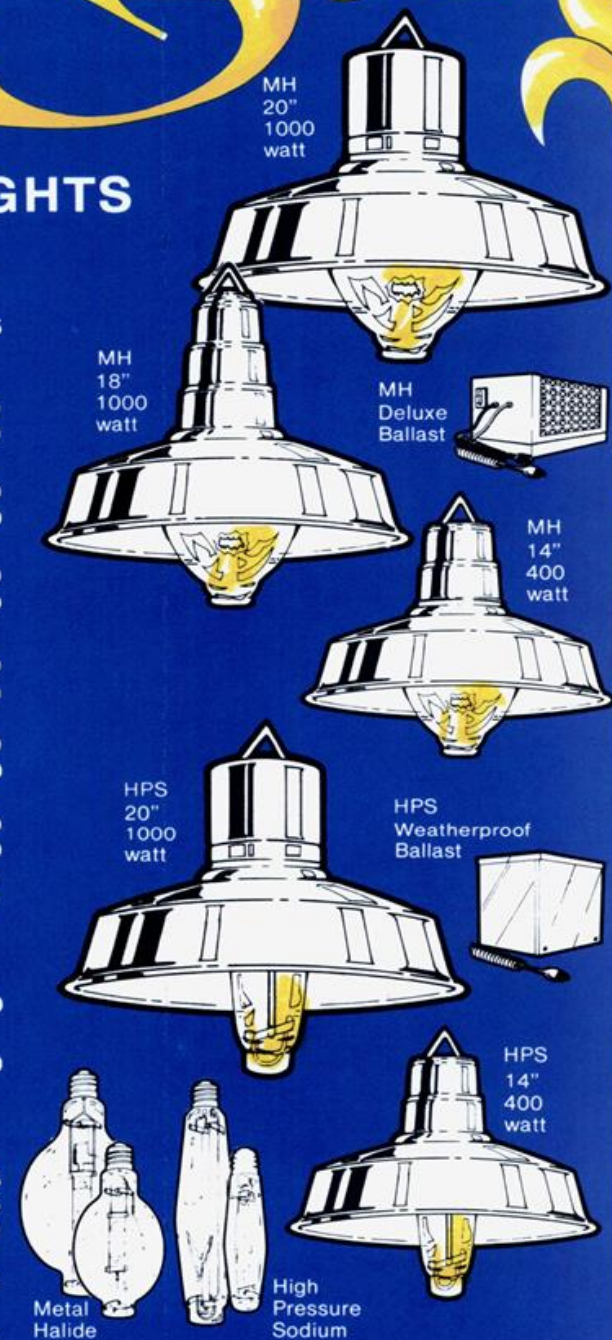
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HIGH TIMES

No. 97 September '83

FEATURES

Cover Photography • Peter Hudson

The Peashooter Perplex, Part II by Dean Latimer

When the Food and Drug Administration first consented to the manufacture of look-alikes, they had no idea they were about to blow the lid off a Pandora's box stuffed with legal speed. They just wanted to make the drug companies a couple of bucks. But then, right-wing parents groups got into the act, howling, "kids and drugs," along with the DEA, and before you could say "corruption of youth," teenagers all over the country were reportedly dropping dead from these FDA-approved caffeine pills

Centerfold: Rock Me, Baby

The Living History of Wayne Newton by Josh Alan Friedman and Drew Friedman

The life and times of the Las Vegas supershowman and the strange secret he keeps concealed

Majoon: Goblet of Dreams by Ira Cohen

A hallucinogenic sweetmeat made up of kif, honey, fruits, nuts and rancid butter—and cut with anything from powdered lizard to Spanish fly, majoon is one of the Islamic world's most popular delicacies. Indeed, it's as common to buy majoon in Morocco as it is to cop a Hershey Bar here in the States. Costs lots less though; 10 cents' worth will score you enough to spend the next 24 hours sailing with Sinbad over the minarets of Mecca

A Georgia Story by Dean Latimer

Did you hear the one about Dan MacDougald, Jr.? Ya see, this guy's an administrator of a drug rehab program down in Dougherty County, Georgia. Now a fed agency assesses the program and finds it a scheme to uphold ultraconservative values under a "pseudoscientific facade." But this didn't cut any ice with MacDougald, because the fellow who did the government's assessing was a Jewish doctor, and in MacDougald's own words, "What else do you expect from a Jew evaluating a project based on Christian beliefs?" So anyway, this guy MacDougald

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Bush Raises Ante in Fed Dope War... Supernarc Markonni Noses Around... Treasury Boss Delayed in Customs Dope Search... DEA Tip Triggers Pathetic Pot Raid... More State Guards Join Drug War... Muslims Use Koran to Detox Junkheads... Bombshell Narc Works New York Nightspots... 'Script Drug Companies Set to Aim Ad Campaigns Directly at Consumers

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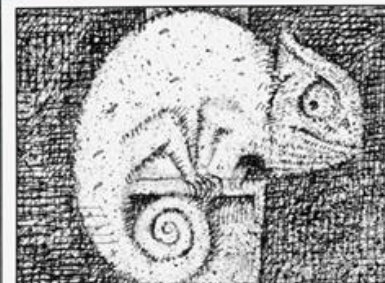
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32 Interview: Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five

by Bob LaBrasca and Larry Sloman

Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five are throwing down some of the most compelling urban sounds to be heard today. Their hit song, "The Message," said more about the pressures of living in a big city than any number of foundation studies or presidential commissions. From the bottom of the socioeconomic ladder to the top of the charts ain't that far, and so while they're on top they're still getting mail at the South Bronx.



46 John Agar Is Sleeping

by Patrick Bishop
A beautiful young schemer and her no-good boyfriend. A slimy bartender named Frenchy. A geologist from out of town carrying certain documents—the means to make them all rich. A mad scientist. His deformed henchmen and hysterical wife. You've seen the movie a thousand times, now read the short story.

52 Grow American: Cloning

by Cole Steven
Created in America and perfected in Amsterdam, in whose legal climate most varieties of cannabis seem to thrive, comes a new and ingenious method of propagation. Cloning eliminates the need for presexing and guarantees you a genetic duplicate of the parent plant. What's more, cloned plants tend to be bushier and have greater potency than their parents. The future of cultivation never looked so good.

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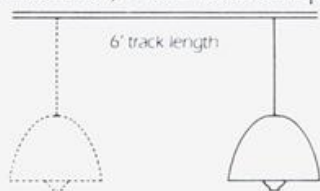
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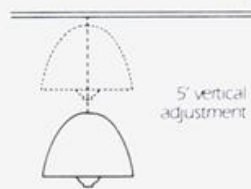
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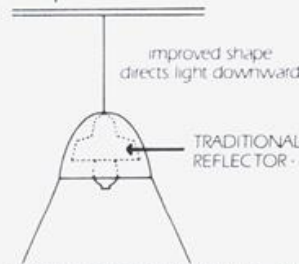
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Hootchie-Cootchie Man

Editor:

It's about time Rick Derringer got some attention, and it figures it would be from *HIGH TIMES* ["Sounds," May '83]. My compliments on your music section. I've been listening to Derringer for many years and could never understand why he hasn't been able to get some kind of airplay for his tunes. We all know more than enough about the new wave and the new music and the new haircuts, etc. Hopefully, for the sake of rock 'n' roll, things will change, and Derringer and other quality rock musicians who are still jamming out will get the recognition they deserve.

—R. Ray
Atlanta, Ga.

Quest for Purple

Editor:

I'm one of the last surviving old timers of the '60s. I was dealing weight when guys like "R" and Tom Forcade were doing mother's milk to get off. I have watched all the drugs come and go, from the original Acapulco Gold of the early '60s to the fancy sinsemillas of today. I have seen the business rise and fall, talked to hundreds of dealers, heard enough bullshit to fertilize next year's entire Colombian crop, and I've yet to get a straight answer to one very simple question. So now I try the infamous *HIGH TIMES* Research Department: What ever happened to synthetic Purple Mescaline? Everyone knows the story behind Orange Sunshine and Purple Owsley, but what about Purple Mescaline? It was one of the greatest, happiest and clearest hallucinogens ever made, and in my entire career I have only seen it once. It appeared at New Paltz and Stony Brook colleges in New York in March of 1969 and was never seen again.

Any ideas?

—Gandalf
Upstate New York

Personally, no, though one of the editors up here does remember hearing a lot about Purple Mescaline during the late '60s. If any of you readers could help clear up the mystery, we'd appreciate it. —Ed.



Feathered Competition

Editor:

It would be nice if we all had "R," the dope Connoisseur, to test our weed before we make that heavy investment. Alas, this can not be. Fortunately, I have a live-in connoisseur of my own, "M." Though "M" is not a human, his expertise of ganja is unsurpassed. "M"'s fondness for cannabis was discovered one day when he'd been let out of his cage for a few hours of freedom—at which time he chewed up some joints made of very expensive Afghanistan shake. He then went back into his cage and ate all his bird food at a highly accelerated rate. I tried to appease "M"'s newly acquired taste for grass by harvesting some of the feral hemp that grows wild in the Midwest. Legend has it that this mild wacky tabbacky was grown here during World War II to make rope. Turned out it has the THC level of a geranium. "M" was so insulted when he was offered the Iowan reefers, that until a number with a high resin content was offered, his pouting was insufferable. Now, on occasion, I give "M" a sample bird joint of some newly acquired herb—if he likes it, I know I got a good buy.

Watch out, "R," you can get "high," but "M" can "fly."

—"M"'s Owner
Somewhere in Iowa

Supply Sidelined

Editor:

To all growers, sellers and consumers of marijuana. The time has come to demonstrate to the government the folly of its ways. Since they insist on prosecuting us for our practices, it's time, in my opinion, for a little lesson in economics. Since they

persist in demonstrating to us that might is right, it is time for us to demonstrate some might. Let's give them what they want: Let's stop marketing the "lovely green" for 30 days. If we all go out of business for that length of time, just in California for instance, it should bring them to their knees.

In certain northern counties of California the sudden lack of marijuana dollars will cause economic havoc. The sudden stoppage of the marijuana cash flow just might get some attention. Don't spend any unnecessary dollars. The best time for this of course is harvest time. Don't sell your product. Buyers, ignore the Mexican and Colombian products. Consumers, gird your loins to go a month without. Pretend you're doing 30 days' jail time. You can do it! And won't Uncle Ronnie be surprised! His marijuana eradication program will have shown results. Nobody will be selling any. Nobody will be buying any. The "good, honest, God-fearing, straight people" will have won. And then—they will discover there's suddenly no money. Everything that those of us in the "marijuana culture" spent our ill-gotten gains on, we'll no longer be buying. Welfare rolls will increase, grocery stores in certain areas will close for lack of business, many luxury products will gather dust on the shelves. Again, in certain northern California counties there will be a depression worse than it ever was in the '30s. Even in the large metropolitan areas they'll feel the pinch, albeit at a slower rate. Then the good, honest, God-fearing straight people, and even Uncle Ronnie, will get the message.

Don't buy any damn cigarettes that month either. And "old debbil rum," don't buy any booze for 30 days—because whether you know it or not, brothers and sisters, the real enemies of our culture are the tobacco and liquor lobbies. They are the power behind the thrones that keep us in constant peril. They intend to keep marijuana in a felony status because, were it not, they might have to share less profits.

Think about it! Talk it up among yourselves. Let's decide arbitrarily on the month of October of this year. No

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LETTERS

business in October, and remember to get really clean. No cigarettes. No booze. Make up your minds to tough it out. Just think: maybe some federal and state minions of the law will have to be riffed. RIF, "reduction in force" due to economic pressure. Civilian employees at McClellan Air Force Base, Sacramento, know that term. And they don't like it. Wouldn't it be great if some of the law-enforcement people we all know and love had to sample a little unemployment insurance, just for a little while? Think they might entertain a little attitude adjustment? Why don't we find out? We're already up against the wall, what have we got to lose? Wouldn't it be great if nobody, nobody, gets popped for possession or sale this October? Might even relieve the jammed-up court system. Think of the ultimate effect—some judges might even learn the wonder of unemployment. It's for sure "we" all know unemployment. It's for that reason a lot of us got in the business in the first place.

—Inmate 00000-000C

Address withheld

Doom

Editor:

With respect to the article written by John Keel on the subject of "Doom" [April '83], may I humbly disagree with some of his intimations concerning Nostradamus. I have translated Michel de Nostredame prophecies, and presently am attempting to publish these, along with commentaries, for readers such as yours.

Nostradamus indicated that there would rise as kings of war three men: Napoleon, Hitler and Andropov. Andropov (whom Nostradamus appelled [sic] "Androgin and Mabus") shall embroil the Northern Hemisphere in World War III by the time of the return of the great comet, Halley's, with the United States and Israel being the first big losers in a war in which it will seem as though the sun were seen at night. Nostradamus repeated again and again that this war of fires would also depopulate much of Europe, and that although the USSR would shortly rule over the world, a second miraculous intervention would occur uniting the Third World under China's Moon King and destroying the Soviets as well. Like so many paradoxes, from the remnant of the Israelis

and Americans will come an English-speaking man (Nostradamus called him the Sun King) to establish a United States of Earth, a golden peaceful epoch of 7,000 years, in 1999.

However, where I disagree most with Keel is in his continuous ridicule of prophecy between the lines of the article. It's not the End, but the Beginning of a far more decent and loving Age. Nostradamus gave only two or three exact dates in more than 1,000 quatrains, and the 1999 date is for someone who comes from the skies to "resusciter" (resuscitate) the English people, clearly an indication of previous eclipse. Such a brief letter doesn't permit me to answer point for point my other complaints for this article.

—Joseph C. Roehl

Austin, Tex.

Author John Keel responds—

You must realize that my doomsday article was an attempt to cover a variety of prophets and prophecies in a relatively few words. Because of the self-imposed limitations, I was unable to treat Nostradamus with the respect and thoroughness he deserved. However, I do think that the article gave the good doctor quite a bit of credit and did not denigrate him. Since you have written a book about the man, you know how damned hard it is to interpret his prophecies, and every expert tends to disagree with every other expert.

Unfortunately, all of the various patterns and factors tend to disprove any "golden age" optimism. The increasing problems of ecology, overpopulation, faltering economics and misguided global politics all point to a rather straightforward and totally gloomy prognosis. We have now entered a post-industrial period and, in all probability, the human race has a very limited future. Nostradamus somehow sensed the troubles of this age, and when 1999 finally arrives, we may very well find that our problems have ended because we will have ceased to exist. And the cessation of physical existence is the promise of all religions.

Our future is already behind us.

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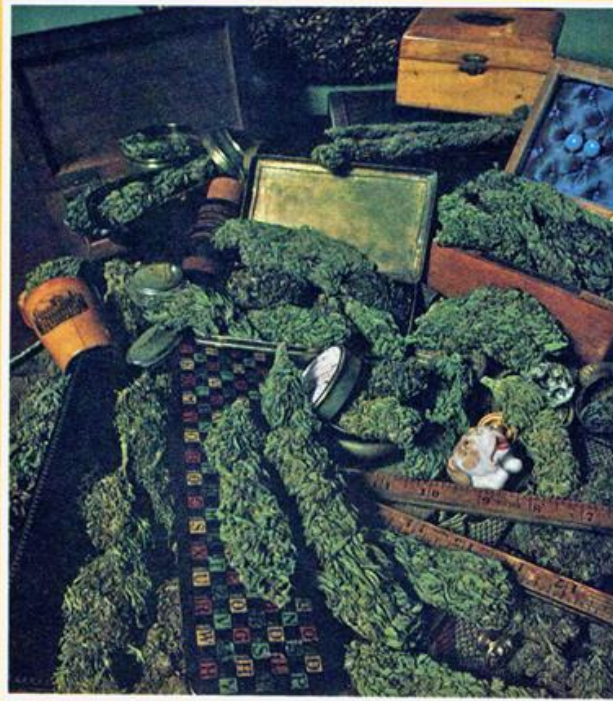
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From France comes *Viper*, a witty and irreverent mixed bag of sex, drugs and more drugs. Actually, there's not all that much sex in the magazine either, but there are *loads* of underground cartoons by some of France's most celebrated artists, articles on everything from computer games to magic mushrooms and a whole bunch of other neat stuff a Frenchman couldn't find in *Paris Match*. *Viper's* publisher, Gerard Santi, puts out the iconoclastic book every three months on a shoestring budget (everyone on the staff works for free), and each issue goes for 15 francs (about \$2).

If you can read French, or just want to impress your friends with your continental savoir faire, write Sinsemilla Editions, 10 route du mayet, Paris, France, 72220 Ecommoy for information.



Bowl Beautiful

Rob from Tulsa sent in this study of light, shadow and sinsemilla for last month's People's Choicest. We didn't have room for it, but knowing what suckers you folks are for a good potshot, we figured we'd run it this month and give you all a quick thrill.

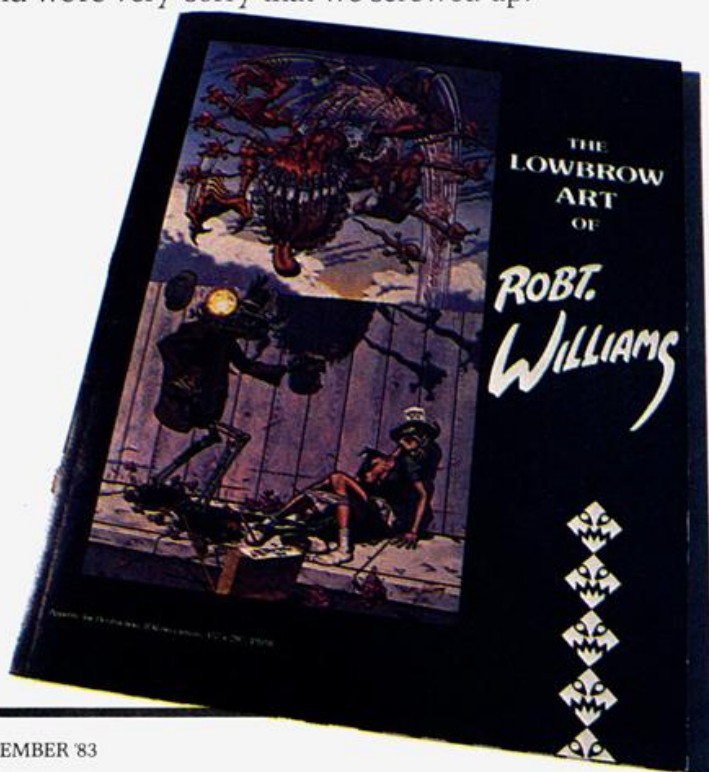
Marine Life

While waiting for a crosstown bus, Thomas Eye III of St. Petersburg, Florida, became so engrossed in his copy of *HIGH TIMES* magazine, he failed to notice that a rare form of underwater cannabis had sprung up between his legs.



Lowbrow Editorial

In July we ran a pictorial feature entitled "A Robert Williams Portfolio," and wouldn't you know it, dorkheads that we are, we forgot to mention that all of the artwork contained therein was excerpted from *The Lowbrow Art of Robert Williams*. The book is published by Rip-Off Press of San Francisco, and we're very sorry that we screwed up.



Self-Allergic

I heard of a person who has a son who's allergic to his own germs. If he sneezes when he has a cold, then breathes in right away, he has a violent allergic reaction.

The person who told me this didn't have an explanation but offered an analogy instead.

Take your spit. All day long you swallow your spit without giving it much thought. Try spitting into a glass, then drinking it. A lot of people are very reluctant.

He claimed this was because the spit was no longer a part of you; that you'd separated it from yourself; that it wasn't you, not anymore. Like the boy and his germs.

By Tom Ahern, from Superbounce, published by Burning Deck Press.

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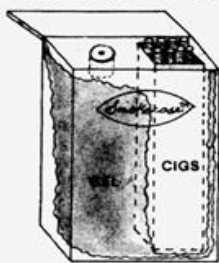
WHAT IS SMOKECASE? Smokecase is the world's first temperature cooled take-anywhere pocket-size carrying case designed specifically to keep smoking materials cool, fresh, and moist in the period between their removal from the refrigerator or freezer until the time that they are actually smoked. Its new, unique, and patented system of internal cooling and storage compartments allows you to carry cigarettes and smoking materials for days without experiencing the dried out harshness and loss of quality that results from carrying smoking products for long periods in hot sweaty pants pockets and muggy purses, oven-like automobile glove compartments, or in sticky sweaty cellophane cigarette packs and conventional cases. A Smokecase by the bedside in the morning allows cool fresh flavor on the first cigarette of the day and keeps smoke constantly cool throughout the entire day.

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HOW DOES SMOKECASE WORK? Smokecase cooled carrying case is both simple and convenient to operate and maintain. The decorative outercasing, crafted in select walnut wood, is scientifically treated with special hi-tech clear varnishes to enhance the wood's beauty while protecting against damages from sunlight, temperature, water, and scratches. To insure authenticity and add designer flair, a special nameplate bearing the Smokecase trademarked logo is mounted to each case. The interworkings of the Smokecase unit itself contain a special freezer type, non-toxic, reusable gelatin in durable puncture proof gel bags. Specially designed airtight thermal insulation linings and industrial sealants surround the bag permitting cold to uniformly enter the cigarette storage chamber while preventing escaping of cold from the unit core. To activate Smokecase open the flip-top lid exposing the insulator plug mounted in the top cover plate of case. This plug while in the unit forms an airtight seal to prevent cold leakage but when removed exposes the gel for freezing. To freeze: remove plug, toss whole unit in kitchen freezer for 1-2 hours, just sit back and relax, and Smokecase is ready to keep your smoking materials cool for 3-5 days before refreezing. Reusable thousands of times, elegantly styled, affordable, lightweight in design, and very unique, Smokecase is an idea whose time has come.



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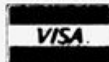
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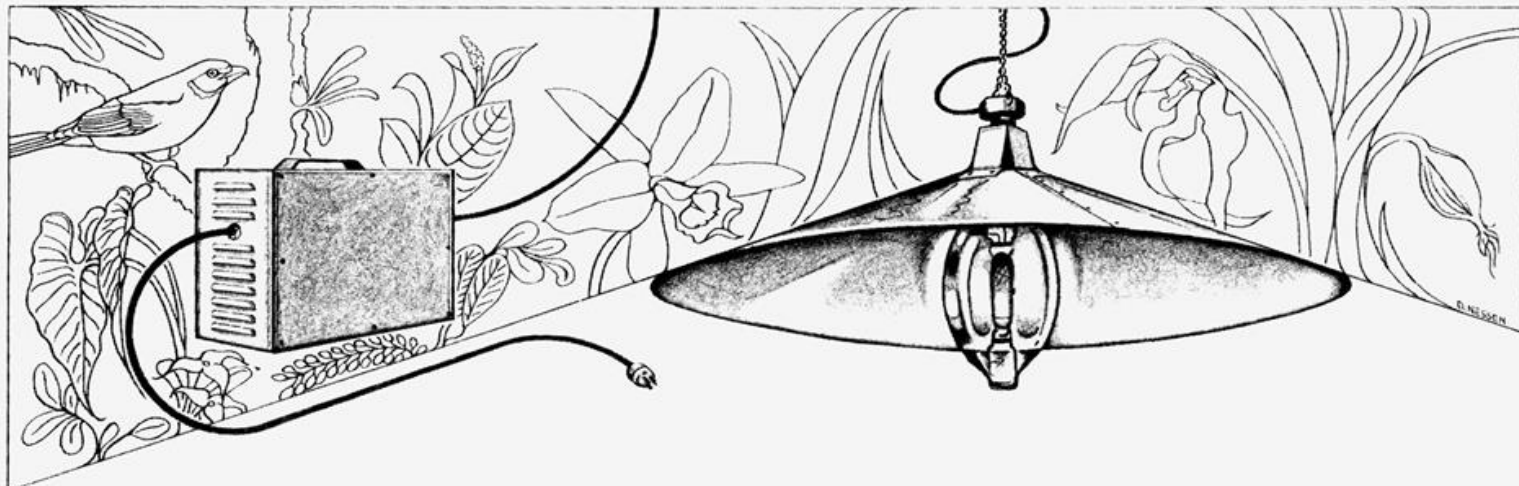
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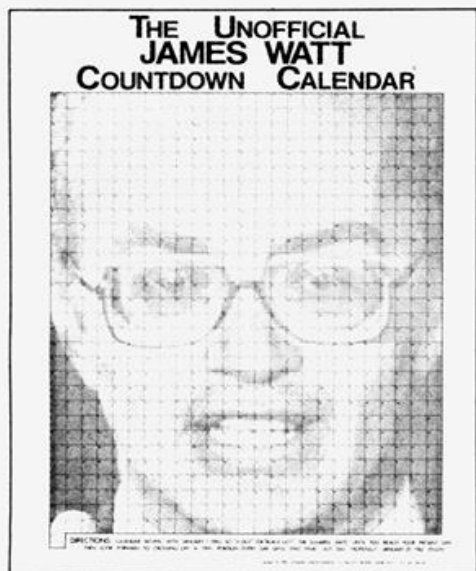
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Still Smokin'

See the little nipper at the far right, wearing number 23? Notice how he's the only one who's got his hands behind his back, like he's hiding something, or maybe even passing something to the boy behind him? Well, that little scamp is none other than Richard "Cheech" Marin, and judging from that goofy smile on his face, basketballs weren't the only things he was rolling back in 1961.



Give James Watt a Black Eye

That's right, now you can get back at the man who wants to pave over the forests and extinct the Beach Boys. With the Unofficial James Watt Countdown Calendar, you can blacken a piece of the secretary's face each and every day until Inauguration Day 1985, by which time his whole mug will resemble one black gob, and he and his boss will (hopefully) be booted out of office. The calendars cost \$4.95 (there's also a Reagan model available) and can be obtained from: Practically Political Products, P.O. Box 1405, Dunedin, FL 34286.

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Valerie Gate Munson

Attention All Space Cadets:

Wanna get the latest poop on the number of Neptune's confirmed satellites (they've just found another one, you know)? Or how about some dirt on the axis tilt of Venus (did you know that all the planets spin counterclockwise on their axes except for Venus and Uranus)? Well, the Astronomical Society of the Pacific has just the thing for you. They've just published their new updated table of the characteristics of all the known planets and satellites in our solar system and are giving it away free to anyone who's got it together enough to send a self-addressed envelope to: Solar System Table, A.S.P., 1290 24th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122. And may the force, etc.

Bravo Wilmo

Our film editor, Mike Wilmington, may be taking his knocks in the Big Apple (for the fifth consecutive month he's looking for a new place to live), but he keeps knocking them dead in his Milk and Brew home state, Wisconsin. Last month—for the third consecutive year—Mike was named Best Arts Critic in Wisconsin by the Milwaukee Press Club. The winning article:



a review of Rainer Fassbinder's posthumous classic, *Lola*, published in Mike's home outlet, the fast-rising Madison weekly, *Isthmus*. Congratulations, Mike; now we know you appeal to beer drinkers and wurst munchers. What about potheads and yohimbe fiends?

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NO. 97

BUSH RAISES ANTE IN FED DOPE WAR

VEEP GOADS COAST GUARD CADETS TOWARD VIOLENCE

by Julio Restrepo

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

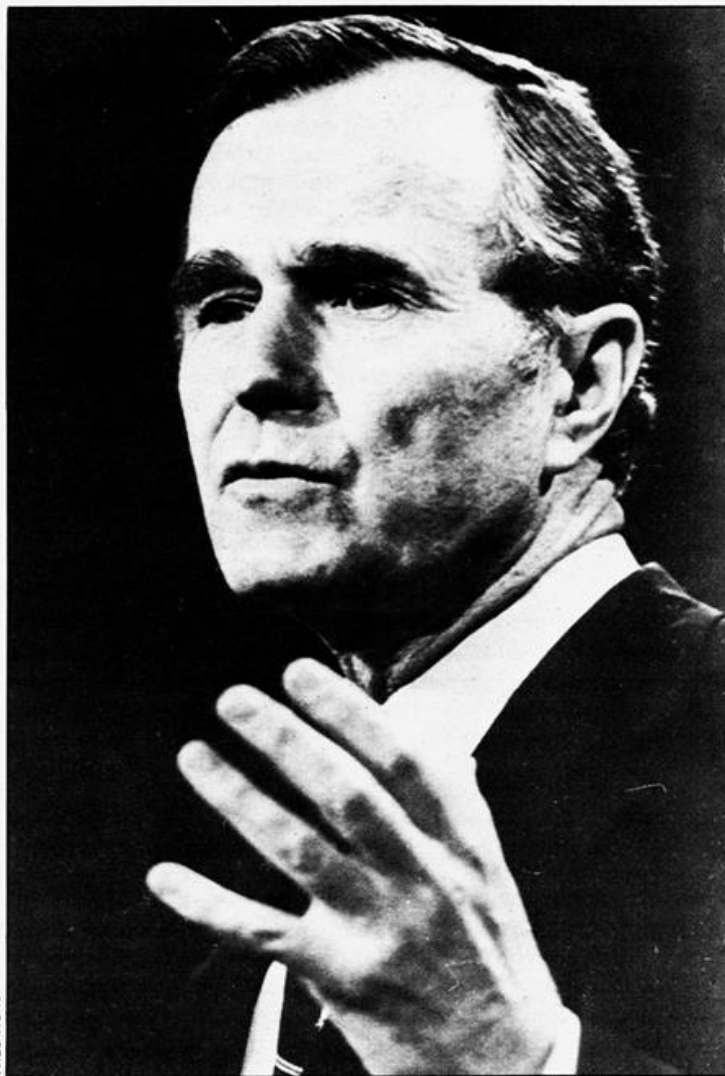
APPARENTLY AT LOOSE ENDS OVER THE LACK of bloody firefights in the war on drugs he oversees, Vice-President George Bush is making efforts to escalate the conflict. In mid May, addressing the 102nd graduating class of the U.S. Coast Guard Academy, he seemed more than willing to use inflammatory rhetoric and misinformation to spur the cadets toward fearful and trigger-happy behavior.

"These drug smugglers aren't, for the most part, some peaceful, far-out hippies with a pound of something or other stashed away in their suitcases," he ranted. "Drug smuggling is a multi-billion-dollar business, and some of these smugglers equip what amounts to private armies to protect their investments."

The criminals of the dope trade, he warned, are often more likely to fight than to surrender, and their ships sometimes carry more firepower than the Coast Guard cutters themselves.

All of that might be frightening, if any of it were true—and Bush, who chairs the South Florida antidrug task force, should know better. The fact is, no smuggling boat has ever fired back at a pursuing Coast Guard craft. This has been one of the oft-noted curiosities of the smuggling game. The captains and crews of contraband-carrying vessels seem fatalistically to accept the Guard as a legitimate hazard of their risky profession. Smugglers who despise the Drug Enforcement Administration seldom have a hard word to say against the Coast Guard,

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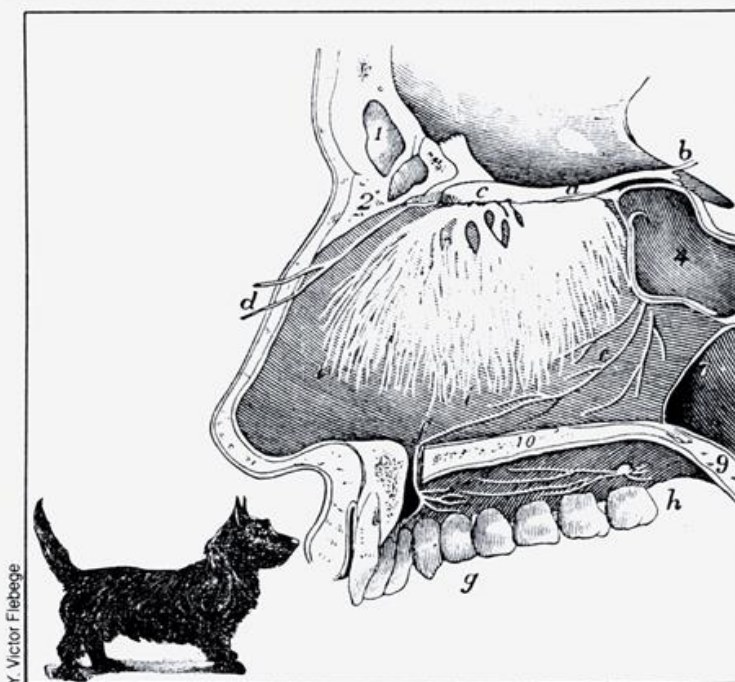
George Bush

SUPERNARC MARKONNI NOSES AROUND

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"THE UBIQUITOUS DEA agent Paul Markonni once again sticks his nose into the drug trade," wrote the magistrates of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eleventh Circuit in a recent decision. "Zeke, Rocky, Bodger and Nebuchadnezzar, and the drug dogs of the Southeast, had better beware. Markonni's sensitive proboscis may soon put them in the dog pound."

Markonni is head of the DEA's mule-skinner detail at Hartsfield International Airport here. His job is to hang out around the terminal and waylay anyone he believes may be carrying sizable amounts of dope in their luggage. This is a complicated proposition. Whenever Markonni gets a tip from agents in another city that a certain person will be carrying a suitcase full of scheduled controlled substances into Hartsfield, Markonni then has to manufacture some sort of "probable cause" to get his hands on that luggage and go through it. In this particular case, he knew there was some marijuana in the bags carried by a young man flying in from Miami, but there wasn't time to get hold of a pot-sniffing dog before the flight arrived. Therefore, Markonni simply stooped over the bags himself as they went around the lug-



Y. Victor Flebege

gage carousel, sniffed loudly and proclaimed he had detected the telltale, sickly sweet aroma of cannabis. Thus, he had "probable cause" to seize the stuff and bust the mule, he said, and Their Worshipships of the eleventh upheld him.

"We now learn," the magistrate remarked dryly, "that among Markonni's many talents is an olfactory sense we in the past attributed only to canines." The defendant's argument, to the effect that Markonni's ability to actually distinguish the smell of pot from the smell of catnip should be proven in open court, "has more bark than

bite," the judges jested. Seizure affirmed.

The adjective "ubiquitous" was used by the justices to describe Markonni, because his drugs-busting shenanigans are continually being appealed to the eleventh circuit on Fourth Amendment grounds. Architect of the DEA's fabulous "drug-courier profile," Markonni has been known to chase after dope mules who (having realized they were under surveillance) had abandoned their luggage, and to give it politely back to them, and then bust them. Thus, his cases continually break new ground, on appeal,

in redefining police powers over the privacy and property of individual citizens.

The ubiquitous Markonni's latest case to reach the eleventh circuit shows him to be gutsy as well as nosy. In this one, he approached a heroin courier, identified himself as a cop and asked for a chat. When the mule told him to just go away (as is every citizen's right), Markonni simply persisted in nagging and pestering the mule so assiduously that finally he hauled back and took a swing at this obnoxious narc. Markonni kicked his ass good, cuffed him up and charged him with assault on a police officer. This gave the DEA access to the man's luggage, by way of a routine "inventory search," just to make sure they couldn't be sued afterward for the theft of any valuables. When the valuables here turned out to be top-grade doojie, the guy went up on dope charges.

Wrote Their Worshipships this time: "Notwithstanding a strong causal connection in fact between lawless police conduct and a defendant's response, if the defendant's response is itself a new, distinct crime, then the police constitutionally may arrest the defendant for that crime."

In other words, while it's perfectly okay to tell intrusive airport narcs to go fuck off, it's advisable not to dance with them. **HT**

BUSH BLOWS FALSE NOTE TO COAST GUARD GRADS

/continued from previous page

whom they seem to view as fellow tars with a job to do.

The greatest tensions in Coast Guard apprehensions at sea have involved smuggling boats that refused to stop when guardsmen ordered them to heave to. In most such cases—and, by all estimates, there have been less than five—the traditional shot across the bow has been sufficient to bring the outlaw seamen to their senses. In one incident, last year, a cutter did fire several rounds into the engine room of a fleeing craft to get it to halt, but at no point was any fire

returned.

Bush hinted in his speech that there had been actual skirmishes recently between the Guard and the smugglers, but the Coast Guard insists this isn't so. A spokesman for the service's District Seven, which includes the active waters around South Florida, told *HIGH TIMES*, "This is the big area for drug smuggling down here, and it hasn't happened. We've fired at them, but they haven't fired at us. If something like that had happened, I sure think we would have heard about it."

HIGH TIMES telephoned the vice-pres-

ident's office to inquire about the basis for Bush's remarks, and a press officer there promised that a more informed press officer would call back later with the relevant information. We're still awaiting that call.

Most of the 164 graduating cadets who heard Bush's words will, no doubt, see service in drug interdiction. If one of them decides—with the vice-president's exhortations ringing in his ears—to blow a boatload of *marimba* and scared Colombians to kingdom come, he'll know the U.S. government is behind him all the way. **HT**

TREASURY BOSS DELAYED IN CUSTOMS DOPE SEARCH

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOLLOWING ONE OF THE MOST DELECTABLE anonymous tips ever, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan was delayed for about 45 minutes at Andrews Air Force Base in the middle of the night while U.S. Customs drug dogs gave his luggage the once-over. As head of Treasury, Regan is Grand High Potentate of the department of government that includes the Customs Service, but he had to sit there anyway, to his great displeasure, while the pooches did their number.

Regan had been away at a meeting of the Asian Development Bank of the

Philippines, and his plane arrived back in the Washington area at 3 A.M. Immediately upon its arrival that mid-May night, Customs agents and their dogs climbed aboard and olfactorily inspected everything in sight. The secretary was escorted to a lounge where all was explained to him, but the muckamucks in his entourage were forced to pace about in the dark wondering what in God's name was up.

No dope was found, or so they say, and the folks in diplomatic pinstripes were allowed to load their luggage into the waiting limos and leave. **HT**



Donald Regan

DEA TIP TRIGGERS PATHETIC POT RAID

COUNTY MOUNTIES DESCEND ON INNOCENT CHILDREN

SAN SIMON, ARIZONA

DRUG ENFORCEMENT Administration agents and Cochise County sheriff's deputies had themselves cranked up for a good ol' commando-style marijuana raid that bright spring day. The DEA spotter plane circled over the Bergquist house, flying cover for the impending overland charge. Squad cars roared up the drive, and deputies armed with automatic assault rifles leaped out to cut off any possible escape route.

Watchdogs barked the alarm, but it was too late; cops were everywhere and ready for gunplay. One of them ordered Taara Bergquist to tie up the canines or he'd blow them away. She obeyed.

The deputies knew their business and searched the place thoroughly, ransacking a darkroom (a place where traffickers are known to stash their dope), smashing a hole in a studio wall to gain entry and busting up some pottery that could easily have con-

cealed controlled substances. Sometime near the end of all this, they showed Tori Bergquist a search warrant, but by that time the whole operation had become fairly embarrassing. Taara, who is 10 years old, and Tori, who is all

the day, leaving Taara and Tori to tend the place. They, of course, had no idea there was a dope raid in the works.

And Sheriff Jimmy Judd's boys were simply acting on a solid tip from the DEA—the federal narcs themselves—

*Watchdogs barked
the alarm, but it was
too late; cops were
everywhere and ready
for gunplay.*

of 12, were the only people anywhere near the house, and they were both trembling in terror. Worse yet, there wasn't a thimbleful of anything you could remotely call dope on the premises.

Richard and Susan Bergquist, the parents of Taara and Tori, had driven off to Tucson, 120 miles away, for

that there was a whole greenhouse full of evil marijuana on the Bergquist spread. All Cochise County's finest could find, though, was a few healthy tomato plants.

In the aftermath, Sheriff Judd was appropriately apologetic, and the DEA was pathetically elusive. "It was not technically our operation,"

was all Special Agent Robert Eyman, director of the Tucson DEA outpost, could say to inquiring reporters.

Sheriff Judd was having none of that hogwash: "It was a DEA operation," he insisted. "We got a call from them that they had information that a greenhouse there was growing marijuana. Their informant was supposed to be reliable." Less than 24 hours after the raid, Judd was publicly considering financially compensating the family for the physical damage.

The Bergquist grown-ups might demand a little more than that, though. Susan Bergquist, an artist and a photographer, was rather put out about having her studio broken into, hundreds of dollars' worth of photo paper exposed and her pottery smashed. Having loaded guns pointed at their children didn't particularly delight the Bergquist adults either. "We feel a crime has been committed against us," was Richard's terse assessment the day after the debacle. **HT**

MORE STATE GUARDS JOIN DRUG WAR

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

SOUTH CAROLINA AND Georgia are the latest states to mobilize their National Guards in the service of the war on drugs. The South Carolina guard graduated its first class in "drug-smuggling surveillance" this past spring, versing militiamen in the fine points of recognizing boats or planes that might be carrying contraband, airstrips that could be used for unloading dope and, of course, the occasional marijuana patch in some secluded field—though no one ever explained what that had to do with drug smuggling.

State press reports, obviously aimed at intimidating would-be *contrabandistas*, implied that the guard's 43 battle helicopters, 24 A-7 fighter planes and even its lone, fab-

"We should treat these drug smugglers as the invading enemy. We need to unleash the power of the military... We should chase them down in the ocean, in the rivers. We should fight them in the fields for the harm they do to the people of this country."

ulously high-tech F-16 would somehow be employed in this crusade. Meanwhile, the Georgia National Guard, which has been a party to the dope war since November, promised to launch its 100 various aircraft, including one Mohawk with infrared photographic capability, into the fray.

As an example of the effectiveness of the military in battling dope smugglers, authorities cited the recent seizure, in December, of 955 pounds of cocaine at the Sumter County airport. The plane carrying the blow was spotted by military air surveillance in Florida and tracked to the county airstrip. But it is not

clear that the seizure could not have been made without the assistance of the military, since an undercover snitch had apparently infiltrated the smuggling gang: "We knew the plane was coming, but the military helped us determine where it was," said a spokesman for the South Carolina State Law Enforcement Division.

On the occasion of the completion of the guard's anti-drug training course, U.S. Attorney Henry McMaster, who handles federal prosecutions in South Carolina, trumpeted the anthem of attack: "We should treat these drug smugglers as the invading enemy," quoth he. "We need to unleash the power of the military on these drug smugglers, to use any equipment we have to stop them. We should chase them down in the ocean, in the rivers. We should fight them in the fields for the harm they do to the people of this country."

Whether all of this amounts to anything more than wind-bagging remains to be seen. Young guardsmen, many of whom smoke pot themselves, may be less than gung-ho about a campaign against the victory gardens of their fellow citizens. And regardless of all the bellicose talk, it should be noted that the military is legally empowered only to supply equipment, personnel or intelligence to regular law-enforcement groups; they do not have the authority to arrest or detain citizens.

National Guards from numerous other states may have entered the fray by fall. In 1982, only Hawaii, New Mexico and Arkansas used the guard against pot growers and grass merchants, but this year the federal Drug Enforcement Administration has pledged to involve as many as 26 states in the militarization of the war on drugs. **HT**



SMACK ATTACK: Drug Enforcement Administration special agent Ted Hunter, this spring, announced a record seizure of 80 pounds of heroin to the press in Los Angeles. The 10-box shipment of "China White" doojie, looming behind him and bearing evidence tags, had been confiscated at an international postal depot in Oakland. In what seemed an amazingly ill-conceived smuggling operation for such valuable contraband, the boxes had all been mailed from Thailand to various addresses in suburban Los Angeles. Two foreign nationals were arrested when they attempted to pick up part of the shipment.

MUSLIMS USING KORAN TO CURE ISLAMIC JUNKIES

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA

SUCCESSFUL HEROIN DETOXIFICATION requires lots of rest, massage, regular herbal purges and the grace of God, says traditional healer Raden Suratman, who has devised the first-recorded detox routine tailored especially for Muslim smack addicts. While Suratman's kick clinic in Kuala Lumpur hasn't assembled any follow-up statistics so far, he could hardly do worse than the government's traditional "scientific" detox methods—Malaysia has over 500,000 junkies, and less than 10 percent of those who go through a "cure" stay clean for longer than a few days.

Suratman's Muslim method is no bed of roses, junkies agree. The initial three days of withdrawals are alleviated only by massages, and herbal teas are administered which encourage vomiting and defecating, and make it hard to

stay awake. At the same time, Suratman insists the patients hold as still as possible, so that he can paint verses from the Koran on their bodies. After 10 days the client is given a ritual ablu-tion bath, and commences a month-long course in Suratman's version of rock-bottom Muslim fundamentalism, learning to pray and meditate properly, and following a strict diet. The purgative herbs are continued for another month after clients have been released from the monastery-clinic.

The Koranic verses, which clients learn to paint on themselves in proper Arabic calligraphy with purple ink, have a profound effect. "The words are very strong for a Muslim," a client explains. "Now I feel born again. And if I went back to drugs, something bad might happen to me."

MULE PASSES STASH

X-RAY EXPOSES A BELLYFUL

NEW YORK CITY

A 32-YEAR-OLD CANADIAN MAN, PLUMBER BY TRADE, GOT sick as a dog—or mule—as he passed through Customs at Kennedy International Airport here in May. He had just arrived on a flight from Bombay, India, and was about to change planes and continue on to Montreal. His digestive attack was so severe that an ambulance was called which conveyed him in haste, sirens blaring, to Jamaica Hospital in Queens.

There, diagnosticians x-rayed his alimentary canal and were astonished to discover hundreds of mysterious little opaque masses. Over the next three days, presumably with the administration of strong laxatives, police investigators painstakingly recovered 445 individually wrapped packets of hashish.

A spokesperson for the Queens district attorney, who had just charged the Canadian with felony-possession counts carrying penalties of up to 15 years in jail, noted sympathetically that the patient was lucky to survive. Other gut smugglers, he noted, had expired when they digested the wrappings of their internal contraband. However, those victims, according to HIGH TIMES' best information, have all been coke or heroin mules, not hash eaters.

No information was released concerning the state of mind of the Canadian during the course of his ordeal. His illness apparently erupted when one or more of the hash packets burst, and he quite probably absorbed a huge, sustained dose of tetrahydrocannabinol. **HT**

Suratman, a traditional *dukun*—doctor-priest—conceived the idea for his treatment eight years ago, during a month-long meditation on

the concept of addiction as "a disease of the soul." He developed it for eight years, and only then opened his full-time clinic in Kuala Lumpur. **HT**

KNOCKOUT NARC PROWL N.Y. CLUBS

TEETOTALING HUSSY BUSTS QUEENS BAR FOR COKE

NEW YORK CITY

THE PRETTY LADY WOULD show up at My Place on Jamaica Avenue in Queens, take a cozy booth, order vodka and orange juice and set about negotiating for cocaine. My Place is an after-hours joint, and the wheedling and finagling often stretched well past the rosy-fingered dawn over nearby Kennedy International Airport, but the pretty lady never ordered more than one cocktail. The ice

would melt in her screwdriver while she wheeled and dealed, and it would still be half full at the end of the marathon haggling sessions.

"I'm a teetotaler," undercover cop Alicia Parker explains, "because I think alcohol is like drugs, and people shouldn't get into the habit."

The shapely and attractive 30-year-old police officer, after four haggling sessions at My Place, ultimately managed to score eight ounces of a fine grainy white

substance which, she says she was guaranteed, included some cocaine. The \$10,000 for these alleged drugs, she told her alleged supplier, was in her car out in the lot, and she rose from her booth to go get it.

As she went out the front door into the lonesome glow of the Jamaica Avenue street lamps, she fiddled nervously with her purse, spilling a handful of change out of it onto the sidewalk. This was the signal for the small army

of Queens detectives and patrolmen standing by to storm into My Place and put a stop to all this cocaine crime, once and forever.

The owner was busted, along with a Latino type, for possession and sale. The bouncer and barmaid were also busted, for purveying alcohol without a license. Sentences are heavier for cocaine than for alcohol, though officer Alicia Parker—who has a degree in physed from NYU—might wish otherwise. **HT**

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

'SCRIPT DRUG COMPANIES SET TO AIM AD CAMPAIGNS DIRECTLY AT CONSUMERS

RISKS SEEN FOR GULLIBLE PATIENTS

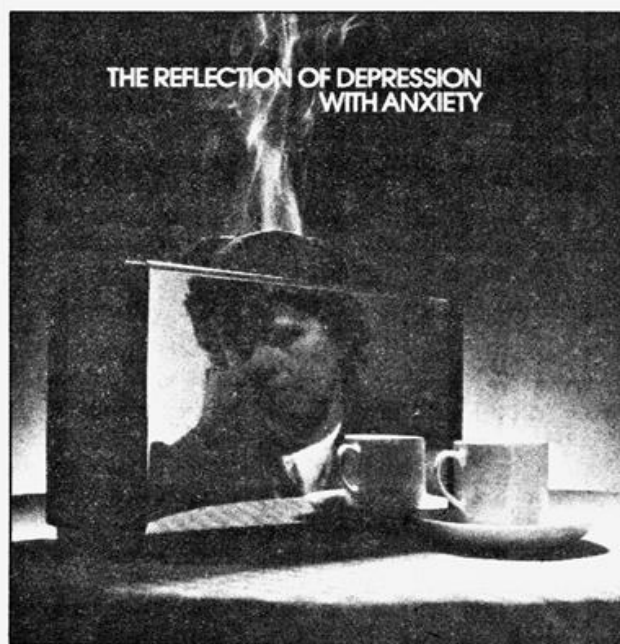
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

SICK PEOPLE WILL SOON HAVE THE inestimable benefit of slick, high-powered print and television ads for drugs to treat their medical disorders. Pharmaceutical firms are gearing up to go the entire Madison Avenue route, shilling their most expensive (and dangerous) restricted substances directly to the public.

Drug advertisements have always been the epitome of glossy hard-sell merchandising, in professional physicians' trade publications like the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and *Medical World News* (see illustrations). In fact, the pharmaceutical industry has come frequently under fire from consumers' groups for their rather mendacious ad policies. One main reason doctors typically overprescribe minor antidepressants like Valium and Ativan for women, it's been

noted, is because medical-journal ads for these medications nearly always depict women in the accompanying photographs. The drug industry has always responded that as long as they fulfill their legal obligation to include with each ad a list of the drug's effects, side effects and contraindications, the ad presentation itself ought to be of no concern to government regulatory agencies.

Last spring, however, when drug companies like Eli Lilly in Indianapolis began seriously proposing to run ads in general-interest magazines and on television, the Food and Drug Administration expressed concern and asked the companies to hold off until the FDA could assess this new move. "It is important that we have a substantive dialogue," said FDA chairman Arthur Hull Hayes, proposing a series



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Typical of the ads that appear in *Medical World News* are the one for the anti-depressant Asendin (above), made by Lederle, and another for the benzodiazepine Valium (page 27), made by Roche. Note that "precautions," "warnings," "contraindications," etc., almost never appear on the same page as the ad itself, but in a separate space on the back side of that page.

of public meetings on the topic, with a final recommendation due by 1984. "We do not want to make decisions on an ad hoc basis. The issue is too broad and too profound."

The full profundity of the drug-merchandising issue was plumbed in 1981, when the Eli Lilly company launched an arthritis medication called Oraflex onto the international drugstore market, with a novel promotional campaign directed not at doctors, but at health-and-science journalists for newspapers and television. Oraflex is a fairly interesting analgesic drug, one of a class of new painkilling medications which work to reduce swelling and inflammation in the body by interfering with the action of such basic immune-system structures as prostaglandin immunoglobulin hormones. The Lilly company got the jump on several related analgesics, which were put on the market about the same time as Oraflex by competing drug companies, by mailing out 6,500 attractively produced press kits about the drug to health-and-science pundits in the United States and Great Britain. They also sent tapes and films about Oraflex to television networks. As a result, Oraflex got a lot of free publicity from lay journalists enchanted with new technical terms like "prostaglandins." Also, since the press releases were worded in such a way that a typically drug-ignorant journalist could easily conclude that Oraflex would actually *arrest the progress* of arthritis (which no drug can do), these pop-media puff pieces on Oraflex typically conveyed that item of gross misinformation. As a result, arthritis patients everywhere began demanding that their doctors discontinue their accustomed medications and provide Oraflex instead.

Death by Oraflex

Oraflex was not yet on the U.S. market 12 weeks when 70 deaths were associated with it. Other deaths, and an uncountable number of severe adverse reactions, occurred in Britain and Ireland. It turned out that Eli Lilly's pretesting projects on the drug's efficacy and safety had mainly been done with *young* arthritics, whereas the main population of consumers for such drugs tend to be very much older. In older people, whose liver function differs from that of younger people, the drug is very inefficiently processed by the body, causing a long-term buildup in the system with regular use; thus, its side effects are aggravated, and it combines dangerously with other medications elderly people often have to take. The Lilly company took Oraflex off the market last year, but not before allegations arose (in the London *Sunday Times*, most prominently) that the company had been fully aware that the drug was likely to be especially hazardous to old people. There's still a possibility that the responsible parties at

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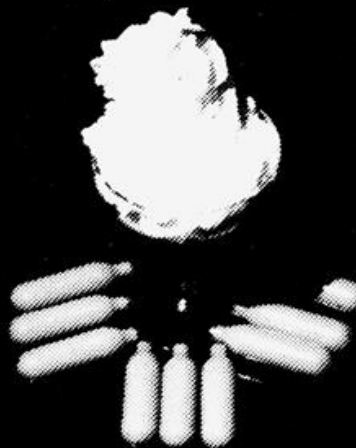
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Lilly may someday face prosecution and prison because of the tragedy.

Lilly is not the only company prepared to pitch prescription drugs directly to the drug-ignorant public, however. The Pfizer company, which specializes in high-test antibiotics like Terramycin, has been buying space in all the national news magazines to "indirectly" promote its various pharmaceutical substances. Burroughs-Wellcome has been promoting Zovirax, its antiherpes medication, in popular print, and Ciba-Geigy (makers of Ritalin) and Hoffman-LaRoche (Valium) are all reportedly set to launch pop-media promotions for their drugs.

Electronic-media advertising for all these drugs is problematical, though. The FDA's "fair balance" requirements ordain that advertisements for prescription drugs must clearly list the drug's possible adverse effects and contraindications. In print, the listing of these drawbacks can occupy over a third of the whole presentation, even in ultra-small-face type. Since it would be manifestly impossible to squeeze all these detailed warnings into a 60-second TV commercial, the American Association of Advertising Agencies has suggested a change in the FDA requirements. Association executive Charles Adams has told *Science* magazine, that for TV and radio drug ads, it ought to be sufficient for the ad to merely state that the product is a prescription drug, that "almost all pharmaceutical products have side effects and limited use," and that patients should ask their doctors about them.

Nag Your Doctor

Dr. Hayes of the FDA concedes that he can't say "whether fair balance as we know it is even possible using electronic media." The point of quick, slick TV ads for script drugs would simply be to induce patients to demand the drugs from their prescribing physicians, most of whom would be hard put to puncture a reasonably flashy and deceptive Madison Avenue sales pitch. "It takes but a little snippet of an article in a newspaper to bring patients banging on doctors' doors," notes Hayes.

After an advance preview of some of the proposed script-drug ads, the FDA termed a few of them "interesting and provocative." A prime ad-pitch technique, according to *Science's* Gina Bari Kolata, is to simply mention the name of the drug and its producer, and then to go into a nerve-racking depiction of the disease or disorder which the drug is supposed to alleviate. This way, the "fair balance" requirement to present the drug's potential hazards is supposedly circumvented, in the industry's opinion, anyhow.

"We at FDA have a major concern," says Dr. Hayes, "about the public's ability to evaluate what we call the risk/benefit

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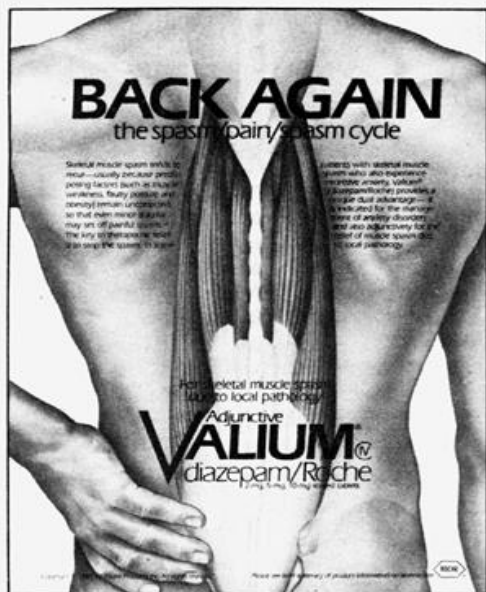
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Valium ad from Medical World News.

ratio of a drug. If you purchase most products advertised on TV (toothpaste, deodorant and so forth), you are able generally to decide how well it's working, and if you think it's causing any unexpected side effects such as a rash or burning sensation. If, however, you take a cardiac medication, will you be able to determine that it may also cause other major medical problems?"

The case of Oraflex is an instructive illustration of the problem. It went on the market at the same time as several other similar prostaglandin-inhibiting medications; ordinarily, if all these drugs had divided up the arthritis market equally, it might have been many years before their special hazards for older patients became obvious. By outselling all of their competitors with a flashy Oraflex promotion campaign, however, Lilly managed to dominate the market, so that these adverse complications showed up immediately as the indisputable work of benoxaprofen—the generic name for Oraflex, and several other brand-name arthritis drugs that are still on the market.

"There are many more new products on the market" nowadays, diagnoses Dr. Lloyd Millstein, the FDA's chief monitor for drug labeling and advertising. "Years ago, a product would have a relatively long market life and a good market production before it had any competition. Today, as soon as a new product is introduced, many other products that differ from it in only minor ways come tumbling after."

When several different drug companies are peddling exactly the same sort of drugs, that is, the only way one brand name is likely to get any edge over its identical competitors is by running a catchier, more persuasive advertising campaign. Since that's a fact of life, mass-media pharmaceutical advertising is probably inevitable in the near future. **HT**

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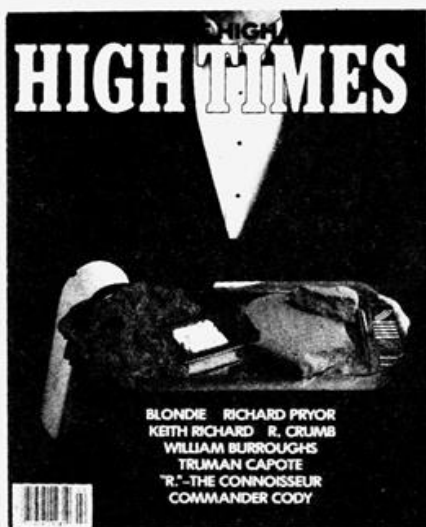
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

FREE MARIA SABINA!

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

A legend of psychedelic culture is facing the grim prospect of spending her final days in jail. She is Doña Maria Sabina, the mushroom queen of Huautla, a mountain village in the Mexican state of Oaxaca. Maria, a Mixtec Indian, came to the attention of the rest of the world in the late '60s when she was discovered by the burgeoning army of consciousness explorers who roamed the planet then. Now, helpless and broke at 91, she faces the wrath of the sniveling Mexican fuzz, who are threatening to bust her.

Maria Sabina is a *bruja* (female shaman or witch doctor) who lived quietly in Huautla, treating the locals with herbs, cactus and faith, until the middle '60s when voyagers of the mind began finding their way to her doorstep. By late 1967 hundreds of gringos and Europeans had made the pilgrimage to her isolated village and had been guided by her through spiritual mushroom trips. The traffic became so heavy that, by the fall of '67, the federal police descended on Huautla and drove out or arrested all of the 40 to 50 non-Indians who had been participating in her ceremonies. The *federales* virtually occupied the town. This was a year before the publication of Carlos Castaneda's *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge* stimulated mass interest in the shaman mystics of Mexico.

The authorities never came down hard on Maria herself, though, since she had become something of a folk heroine in Mexico. She was seen by anthropologists, from Mexico and elsewhere, as the heiress of—and bridge to—the ancient Mixtec mushroom cult. She spoke not only Mixtec, but Spanish and some rudimentary English as well; so she was a prize source of primary data. By the early '70s there was even a comic book available in Mexico that chronicled, with all due respect for Indian culture, her saintly leadership and spiritual powers. The Beatles and Donovan are said to have taken Maria's mushroom trip, and some of her ceremonial chants were even recorded on an obscure record album for posterity.

Lately, though, her fortunes have receded, and when she applied for government aid she was refused. The authorities stepped in to stop her *bruja* practice, and are threatening her with jail. Watch this column for an update in future months.

Gold fever... "Put on your sunglasses," as they say over untrustworthy telephones in Miami, "it's Mr. Goldfarb from Columbia Records calling." This year's Colombian season has seen the unexpected return—somewhat erratically—of bright Santa Marta Gold. Surprisingly, the *oro* was around through spring and early summer when cheaper, commercial varieties were not. Who's to complain? Prices are stiff, but not too stiff, considering the across-the-board rise in weed prices: pounds, \$600–\$700.

Wall Street, look out... Those who follow the adventures of pot smugglers and producers are sometimes awed at the financial sophistication of their affairs. The latest fad among sinse wholesalers is buying "futures." Cash, and oftentimes seeds, are provided by the buyer to the grower before the growing season. The price per pound is negotiated at planting time, and that's the price that's paid at season's end, whether the weed turns out to be the pride of the Ozarks or the worst dung since Nebraska hemp skulked onto the market. In most cases, though, the growers have proven track records and use the advance to produce a superior crop.

Powers that could be... Followers of cannabis politics will surely remember Gatewood Galbraith, the colorful Kentucky lawyer who started the Kentucky Growers' Association, Inc., in the hope of legalizing pot there. For the last year, Gatewood had been in hot pursuit of the office of State Agricultural Commissioner. The election was held this spring and he finished fourth in a field of eight. Gatewood waged a credible campaign though, and should make a stronger showing next time around.

Continental coke... Readers of the foreign press may have noticed increasing reports of cocaine busts in Europe. Not long ago, over a hundred pounds was popped at the international airport that serves Paris—an unprecedented quantity for that part of the world. The reason is, smugglers are finding that, with all the competition in the United States, they can pull in more money, faster, in Europe. Travelers to the continental capitals have reported an ever more active market with prices not much higher than in the United States: roughly \$140 a gram. A year ago a gram went for \$200.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET



CANADA

Commercial	a trickle	oz	70-90
Colombian		lb	750-850
Gold and red	likewise	oz	125
Colombian		lb	1100-1200
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
	making the rounds	lb	2800-3600
Mexican tops		oz	50-85
		lb	450-650
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	gm	15
		oz	260
Afghan hash	replaced by Leb	gm	15
		lb	3250
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	gm	25
		oz	375
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	200
Hash	red Leb	oz	175-200
		lb	2000-2500
LSD	blots from England	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	gm	130-200
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	usual strong	oz	2-5
domestic	supply	lb	30-80
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	devalued pesos	oz	175-225
	make this a buy	lb	5000-6000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status	oz	75-125
	symbol	kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
	transport	kilo	1000-2000
Lebanese hash	problems solved	kilo	60-120
	top banana	oz	1200-2200
Black Afghani hash		oz	100-135
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian		lb	60-100
Red and gold	surprisingly, not that much	oz	15-25
Colombian		lb	200
Sierra buds	passable	oz	6-10
		lb	70-100
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	2-4
Cocaine base		lb	40-60
Cocaine	lots pure as the driven snow	gm	negotiable
	traded for blow	one	25-40
LSD		one	5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness	lb	375-450
	varies		
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	25
		lb	175
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	oz	10
		lb	90
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	25
		lb	250
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	oz	20
		lb	175
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	15
		lb	150
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	gm	30-50
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	ea	1-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality mersh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stony	oz	160
		lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
		oz	250
Nepalese hash	fingers only	gm	15-20
		oz	225-250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	10-15
		oz	175-200
Afghani hash	greenish black, fummy	gm	10-15
		oz	175-200
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10
		oz	175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$ great	gm	250-300
		one	25
Thai sticks	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Philippine pot	legal, kind of	100	5
Ups & downs	homemade	pint	30
Moonshine			

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Milwaukee	brown Colombian, very dry	oz	60
Chicago	cocaine, great for these parts	gm	100
Columbus, Ohio	seeded Mexican tops	oz	110
Boulder, Col.	Colombian red, expensive	oz	80

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	early hybrids	oz	175-250
		lb	1600-2200
Commercial	rapidly expanding market	oz	50-75
Mexican		lb	500-800
Top-grade	gold and green	oz	90-140
Mexican	sinse	lb	1000-1500
Jamaican	good, but rough	oz	45-65
		lb	450-550
Jamaican sinsemilla	tendency toward dryness	oz	70-100
Commercial	barely available	oz	700-1000
Colombian		lb	60-65
Primo Colombian	top-flight gold	oz	560-675
		lb	65-75
Thai sticks	sticks like stumps	one	600-725
		oz	10-25
Loose Thai	sticky but plentiful	oz	180-225
		lb	175-220
Hawaiian	watch for impersonators	oz	1800-2150
		lb	235-300
Moroccan hash	dry, split slabs	oz	2700-3200
		lb	150
Lebanese hash	here, but in lesser volume	oz	1200-1400
	gov't seal	lb	110-140
Black Afghani hash	bits and pieces	oz	900-1100
Paki hash		lb	140-190
		lb	1550-2000
Psilocybin mushrooms	lab-cultured	oz	165
		lb	1600-1900
Peyote	hard to find	one	100-150
LSD	many varieties	one	1000-1500
		100	10
Cocaine	prices dipping, big supply	gm	3-5
		oz	150-300
		100	100-200
		oz	350-400
		2000-2850	
Methaqualone	mystery boots	one	4-6
		100	300-500
Meth-amphetamine	costly as coke	gm	75-110

Alaska

Commercial	shake city	oz	50-65
Colombian		lb	550-650
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	1/4 oz	50
Mexican weed	most available	oz	200
		lb	50-65
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	500-600
Thai sticks	timberland	lb	225-300
		one	2000-2750
Lebanese hash	big mover	lb	20
		gm	2400-2650
		oz	10
Cocaine	are you shitting me?	gm	130-200
		oz	100-175
LSD	blots	one	2000-2800
		100	5
Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	350-500
		100	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	victim of inflation	oz	225-275
		lb	2200-2750
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Mauna Loa	emerald green	oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
Maui wowie	overpriced, overrated	oz	225-275
		lb	2400-3000
LSD	fresh from the lab for cheap	one	2-4
Mushrooms	not a big mover	gm	free
Cocaine		oz	75-125
		one	2050-3000
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	one	2

AIDS

Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

Part I

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

There has been growing concern over the relationship of AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) and certain patterns of drug abuse. To date, correlations between AIDS and some kinds of drug abuse have been established. We know that certain disease syndromes are related to drug abuse, either in their formation or in their transmission among individuals. Among these are the malnutrition and cirrhosis of the liver typically seen in alcoholics, though these are not infectious diseases. With intravenous (I.V.) drug users—those who shoot heroin, speed, etc.—infectious “serum” hepatitis Type B is a special hazard, however. And AIDS, a recently recognized disease entity, appears also to spread among I.V. drug users in much the same way as hepatitis B. Some researchers have also speculated that AIDS may be associated with the inhalation of butyl and amyl nitrite, but the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) have since virtually ruled out this connection.

AIDS has been established by the CDC as a disease entity that abolishes the victim's immune systems, making the victim susceptible to a wide range of “opportunistic” infections, such as *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, a parasitic infection of the lungs; and with Kaposi's sarcoma, a rare form of skin malignancy. The first U.S. cases of AIDS were reported in 1979 among gay and bisexual men who reported a high number of sexual partners. Since then AIDS has been diagnosed in heterosexual I.V. drug users, in Haitian immigrants of both sexes, in female sex partners of I.V. drug users and in hemophiliacs who depend on frequent blood transfusions in

order to stay alive.¹ A medical journal also recently reported that some young children, born to parents who were at high risk for AIDS, show syndromes of severe cellular immune deficiency.² It has become obvious that vulnerability to the disease is not confined to any particular segment of the population.

To date, the CDC has reported 1,500 cases of AIDS, and 58 associated deaths. The cause of AIDS is at present unknown, but recent research has isolated a T-cell leukemia virus (T-cells comprise a major part of the body's immune systems) in humans³; this virus may infect exposed individuals, suppress their immune systems and render them susceptible to opportunistic infections.

The patterns of contagion of AIDS are becoming clear. The disease seems, like hepatitis B, to follow traceable patterns of human contact: by blood contact with I.V. drug users who share their syringes, by blood contact with hemophiliacs receiving transfusions, and by blood,

and perhaps semen, among homosexuals. The pattern appears to be much the same as that of hepatitis B, a high-risk disease among I.V. drug abusers and sexually promiscuous persons of both sexes. Transmission may be traceable to the use of contaminated needles and syringes, and to the mingling of body fluids such as semen or blood, either through the mucus membranes of the genitals and anus, or into an open wound or sore in one partner's body.

Tim Mess, chief of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic's Medical Section, has been screening high-risk patients for AIDS. He offers the following signals as a guide for when a high-risk person should see a physician:

1. a new skin rash or lesion anywhere on the body that persists for more than one or two weeks;
2. an unexplained weight loss of greater than 10 pounds that persists for more than a month, in a previously healthy person;
3. unexplained low-grade fe-

ver or night sweats that do not go away after two or three weeks;

4. persistent diarrhea;
5. unexplained fatigue;
6. many swollen lymph glands (around the neck, under the armpit and in the groin area) that do not go away in two or four weeks in an otherwise healthy person.³

It is important that individuals at risk for AIDS be aware of the warning signs and seek medical attention for AIDS screening as soon as possible, as this disease is potentially fatal. There is also a need to expand prevention techniques among such high-risk populations as I.V. drug abusers. Simple, common-sense measures such as the use of sterilized needles and syringes in the case of drug users, and of prophylactic condoms among sexually active and indiscriminate persons, would certainly go a long way toward reducing the risk of contracting AIDS.

In the next installment of “Abuse Folio,” we will explore self-protection techniques against AIDS in more detail.

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GRANDMASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE

They started out in dank gyms in the South Bronx: Flash huddled over his turntables like some mad scientist while the Furious Five passed the mike. Then "The Message" changed the face of rap music. by Bob LaBrasca and Larry Sloman

"Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five" sounds like the name of a group with a lead vocalist and five backup singers, but it's not that way at all. Flash himself does next to nothing vocally; he pilots the turntables onstage to provide the musical backdrop for the raps and songs laid down by the rest of the group. And there are not six members as the name implies, but seven when you count E-Z Mike, Flash's assistant, who throws down with everyone else when the stage lights come up.

Almost everything about Flash and the Five is Bronx-ghetto to the bone, from their individual names to their outrageous leather, metal and fur costuming to their lyrics to their decision-making process. Flash (Joseph Saddler), Melly Mel (Melvin Glover), Kid Creole (Nathaniel Glover, Melvin's brother), Raheim (Guy Williams), Mr. Ness (Edward Morris), Cowboy (Keith Wiggins) and E-Z Mike (Michael Ware) operate with the natural democracy of a street gang. Flash's titular leadership is more a matter of bearing and style than genuine authority. In performance, wearing slit-lensed shades and a steely stare, he comes on like a Star Wars descendant of the Duke of Earl. Striding broadly up the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, head erect, Western boot heels clacking the pavement, he looks like he owns the street.

But Melly Mel, despite a lot of leather-and-stud gear from the S&M shops, has a much more convivial presence and is the most loquacious spokesman for the group.

They're all young—at 26, Flash is the oldest—and the

image they strive for fulfills the dream of ghetto kids. The stage-dress aesthetic of Flash and the Five owes a whole lot to the comic-book "Fantastic Four." Their material melds the experience of the old neighborhood with the great American tradition of the boast and brag. The inflated role-playing, the fanciful costumes and the astrological jive in their raps are all an exercise in transcendence.

Question is: As deeply rooted in lower-class black, urban life as everything about this group seems to be, how did they ever emerge as an international box-office attraction for both black and white audiences? There are at least two answers to that:

One is Sylvia Robinson, who started Sugar Hill Records as an independent company back in 1979. Ms. Robinson, who was half of the great rock duo Mickey and Sylvia ("Love Is Strange") back in the '50s, and who has written a number of hits ("Shame, Shame, Shame," "Love on a Two-way Street," etc.), works from her guts. Her last independent label had gone bankrupt when she opened Sugar Hill on a shoestring and put out "Rapper's Delight," using three New Jersey rappers she met through her children. Her sixth sense told her that if her kids were that turned on by this oral underground that received no airplay, a national audience would go for it. She was right—"Rapper's Delight" sold millions and put Sugar Hill on the map.

She soon signed Flash and the Five and recorded a few tunes that sold well, mainly to black urban audiences. In 1982 she pressed the group into recording

"The Message," with the promise that it would make them bigger than they'd ever hoped to be. She was right again, of course.

"The Message" is the second reason for the broad appeal of this aggregation.

A test pressing of it was first played on WBLS in New York at the end of the first week of July 1982. The listener response was overwhelming, and on July 21 it was released on a 12-inch single. Twenty-one days later it went gold and was crossing over to top-40 stations all over the country. Though the song—if it is a song—was mainly a tale of ghetto life, the chorus resonated across class and color lines:

"Don't push me, 'cause I'm close to the edge;

"I'm tryin' not to lose my head."

Defiance. Heavy pressure. Responsible, but tenuous self-control. And then:

"It's like a jungle sometimes;

"It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under."

From Wall Street to Racine, Wisconsin, they could dig that: a concise description of the America we know, followed by an internal reflection of wonder at one's own survival.

We interviewed the bearers of that message at Sugar Hill headquarters in Englewood, New Jersey, just as "New York, New York," their latest depiction of the dark side of the city, was hitting the charts.

GRANDMASTER FLASH: Any questions you want to ask us, throw 'em down, throw 'em down.

HIGH TIMES: Where did you

get your name?

FLASH: They came on separate occasions—

HIGH TIMES: Your name, "Grandmaster Flash."

FLASH: The places we used to play, the little clubs, the gymnasiums, a lot of my following used to say, "Flash, we have to add something more to your name." I was just plain Flash, because of the way that I play, the style that I spin wax. So somewhere near my birthday about '75 this guy named Joe King gave me the name Grandmaster and it stuck.

HIGH TIMES: And the "Furious Five"?

MELLY MEL: That just came because we was always mad at something or other.

HIGH TIMES: Were the five together before you joined up with Flash?

MELLY: No, at first Cowboy started with Flash, and then me and Creole, and then we got Ness and we was the Furious Four. Then after a while Raheim got down and that was five of us.

HIGH TIMES: There's really six.

FLASH: I need an assistant to handle the records. He's E-Z Mike.

HIGH TIMES: Most people operate as a single, spinning records. How did you decide to gather all these guys, this small army?

FLASH: The way I used to play, it was like vocal entertainment with media, because when you speak of Grandmaster Flash as an individual, I'm a mixologist, the spinner of the group, but the way that I was spinning, either I would capture a lot of

"As a table's turning,
if I drop it, in most instances I can
drop it right on that groove or maybe
one groove away."



attention and be too quiet or it needed somebody to mix it, so what I used to do, I'd take a microphone and put it on the other side of the table, like when we used to play in the park for free. I used to have a little garbagey set because I grew up underprivileged, my family wasn't born with no dollars, no real dollars for me to go out and buy a real nice set, so I used to just put together stuff and then go out in the parks and just play, and take the microphone and leave it out in the open for anybody that wanted to say something, whatever came to their mind.

HIGH TIMES: You weren't a rapper yourself?

FLASH: No. I fell in love with spinning, trying new things on the turntable. For me to play in front of a mass of

people out in the park with no vocal entertainment, that was like half filled or half empty.

HIGH TIMES: How many turntables did you work with?

FLASH: I work with three now, but at that time I was working with two, just getting into three. I've mastered three now.

HIGH TIMES: What year were the free gigs in the park?

FLASH: This was '74.

HIGH TIMES: How old were you then?

FLASH: Well, I'm twenty-six now.

HIGH TIMES: This was before the Sugarhill Gang came out with their stuff?

FLASH: This rap stuff has been out for years. It's sad that it took so long to get the notoriety that it's getting.

HIGH TIMES: Early on, wouldn't deejays circulate

tapes that they made themselves?

FLASH: After you gain a certain amount of popularity, you give a few parties, you save up for a set. The disc jockeys had tape decks and they would sell the tapes at the parties 'cause everyone was asking for them, especially if the party was a jumping party you'd want to get a tape, but they're so rare now. I haven't seen one for a long time—a real lowdown party tape.

HIGH TIMES: So there are two separate phenomena going down here, the disc jockey and the rapper—

FLASH: Yeah, but it was a simultaneous development.

HIGH TIMES: I still don't understand what you do. When we saw you at the Red Parrot, I was trying to figure

out what you do with the records. It's hard to pick up on exactly what's happening because everything is so continuous and the movements are so subtle. I can't tell what you're controlling and what's going on where.

FLASH: You must have been pretty far back—

HIGH TIMES: I was pretty close.

FLASH: I think it's pretty boring just mixing a record over and waiting for it to end. To make a long story short, I had to do something with my hands. The Furious Five and Grandmaster Flash, we work as a family; either we're throwing down together or the Furious Five is throwing down or I'm throwing down—everybody has a position in the group, a job—we're all individuals but we work as one.

Like some of the parties we used to give back in the days in the neighborhood gyms, we opened the doors like about ten o'clock and we'd end the party about three. It would be virtually impossible for me to be spinning all night or them to be talking all night, so we'd pick a certain outlook where as a unit I'd throw down and then I'd cool out, and the Furious would throw down or they'd cool out and I'd throw down, so there's always something happening.

HIGH TIMES: Were you hip to Jamaican music, dub music?

FLASH: My parents are West Indians, I'd be hearing that music for a long time—it's called "toasting."

HIGH TIMES: Is rapping broken up regionally? Is there regional pride?

MELLY: Rappers are in every borough, but it started with the Bronx. Every block got their own guy coming up.

HIGH TIMES: Are there any legendary rappers...

FLASH: Us.

HIGH TIMES: ... that haven't surfaced yet?

MELLY: As far as street people, they're just out there but they just came behind us. There can't be but one legend in a certain field.

HIGH TIMES: There are more groups than individuals?

MELLY: Yeah, but okay, so

one legend, Hollywood. D.J. Hollywood, but he's not a group.

FLASH: He didn't want to go into the record business commercially.

MELLY: He did. He was on Epic Records as a matter of fact, but it didn't work. His record was a flop but he was very good.

FLASH: He's powerful, I'll give it to him.

HIGH TIMES: What was powerful, his delivery or his material?

FLASH: His delivery, his material, and you could say that his style was. He'd go for hours, but it was good.

MELLY: His style was really like more a mature level, he reached out to an older crowd. He'd ask the crowd something, it was a real call-and-response thing. That's what made him real powerful, the response he got from the audience, how they answered him back when he said things.

FLASH: He'd say things like, "It's up my back, it's around my neck, whoopa." That's where Hank from the Sugarhill Gang got that from—his style is like a Hollywood imitation.

HIGH TIMES: When did the social consciousness start coming into the music?

MELLY: That's our style, "The Message." The record itself is like two years old, but like nobody ever did it, the lyrics was on one of our previous songs and that was like two years ago, but the lyrics from "The Message" itself was made up by a percussionist from the Sugarhill Gang, Ed Fletcher—Duke Bootie—on the album. When we first came to this company we heard it and we used to joke about it.

RAHEIM: But Melly wrote the section about the child is born into the world—

HIGH TIMES: That's the best section—

MELLY: Nobody was really looking for social significance, we was just looking to make the record, but now everyone's pressurized into coming up with something like that again, but you can't really come up with nothing like that because you can't

really come up with nothing that already was there in the first place. It wasn't like nobody made it up from that point in time just to do it, it was just laying around.

HIGH TIMES: How many records did you have out before that?

MELLY: "Freedom," "Flash to the Beat," "Party," "Nasty," "Showdown." All singles.

HIGH TIMES: What's all the media attention like?

MELLY: It's cool because the media they see us as prophets, they helping gettin' us to another league. Rapping and deejaying has been more or less like a contest. When you become a rapper you don't want to become a rapper just to rap; you want to be number one.

That's the whole philosophy behind rapping. There ain't no real number two about it. Like, when you asked for a legend, I'd never tell you about another group, even if there was, because that's what we're shooting for, for us to be it. We hardly even acknowledge their presence, and the media has put us into a whole 'nother league.

HIGH TIMES: You're unchallenged now. *People* mag, *Life*—

RAHEIM: *Time*, *Billboard*, *Rolling Stone*, the "Pat Collins Show," "Nightwatch"—

MELLY: We did "Soul Train," but I like the news programs better because they help build us up to another level. The whole thing to our career as rappers is to try to have the step up. When we move, all the other rappers are going to move according to our move. Anything we do we gonna help them in the long run and vice versa. The media making us like prophets, making the whole thing social when it wasn't really in the beginning. To us it wasn't social but it got to be social now—it's there now, there ain't no turning back.

HIGH TIMES: Does it worry you, moving out into national society now, that you'll lose the roots that gave you the energy in the first place?

RAHEIM: No, because we still live in the South Bronx. That's the source, that's where the roots are.

Like when we accumulate a certain financial security, are we going to move away from the Bronx? Eventually, yes, we'll move, but we'll always have to go back. Matter of fact, I even have an apartment there, just so that when I'm in that state of mind and want to come up with a hit record, I can be there.

HIGH TIMES: Is it something you can just go back and get a piece of?

RAHEIM: You have to be immersed.

HIGH TIMES: What's the reaction back in the old neighborhood now to the band?

MELLY: We get mixed reviews. We can walk down the streets, and like a lot of people know us, saw us on the news, whatnot. But a lot of times there's not actually jealousy, but what it is like when people know you they don't want to see you make it without them. Not they don't want you to make it, but they don't want to see you do it if they can't do it too. They want to go too. It's like a positive-negative vibe you get from some people. I can't understand that, I get the same vibes from other artists' records. Like other emcees I got to capitalize off their stuff, when I hear their stuff I get their feeling, then I try to strive for something higher than what they strive for.

HIGH TIMES: So, a lot of guys now are gunning for you, 'cause you're on top.

FLASH: It's been that way for a long time.

MELLY: We always had a way of changing the whole structure of what was going on.

HIGH TIMES: How long have you reigned supreme?

MELLY: Since we started.

HIGH TIMES: Come on.

FLASH: Not to be blowing our own horn, but it's been eight years.

MELLY: Since we started. We done been through a lot of bullshit just to try and stay in this position. We used to like battle other groups, buy clothes, put on the chains, change onstage, make up dances, nobody was doing this stuff before us.

HIGH TIMES: At that time you must have had trouble

keeping shoe leather under your feet, with that many people in the group.

MELLY: We wasn't into leather then—

FLASH: We couldn't afford it then!

MELLY: It was just something that developed as time went on, just to keep the edge, keep going up, up, because if we don't, then somebody in the background will go up, up. The only slack that we had was not thinking about coming out with the first rap record.

FLASH: Uugh.

MELLY: That's the only thing that got passed up, where somebody was over us. Sugarhill Gang did it first, that was the only time.

HIGH TIMES: You were together then?

MELLY: We was peaking then, that was one of our peaks, that knocked the roof off everything. Then we had to reassess things, we had to change up. It wasn't about giving the parties anymore, it was about records.

FLASH: New goals.

MELLY: From then till now we always been in like the backlash of the Gang, being that we signed with their company or making rap records period. It was like you all are like them.

FLASH: Secondary.

MELLY: Now we trying to be like us now.

HIGH TIMES: When did the leather and the biker paraphernalia develop?

FLASH: It happened in pieces. It started off with boots, then maybe one spike.

MELLY: When we first came out we tried to get into an image thing. I wore zoot suits. Mr. Ness, being that his name was from Eliot Ness, he wore like a three-piece suit.

Raheim, he wore regular suits, Creole dancer-type things. Cowboy wore cowboy suits and Flash wore something real loud and flashy. But after a while that didn't really fit into something natural, it didn't really feel like us. Then we started getting into the spikes and we met the dude Mickey who made the leather, then everybody decided to get leather. After we tried the

"Basically, it's that we have big dreams and there ain't but so many ways to fulfill them if you growing up in a ghetto."



it's the whole thing, somewhere along the lines they get lost—they into it, but they be lost because they don't know exactly what show is supposed to be, they just seeing a show for the first time, whereas at the Red Parrot they done seen many shows, they done seen Bing Crosby, so when they see us they know exactly what to look for. They know the beginning, they know where the end should be, they know where the climactic part is, they know where to participate—so that's the easiest crowd to work with. Instead of the other crowds where you got to dig a lot more to get that overall response.

HIGH TIMES: But it's more of a challenge to work a crowd that's not a pushover.

MELLY: But you go for the overall effect each time, and a lot of times you don't get that.

HIGH TIMES: Has the act always been as polished, almost choreographed, as it is now?

MELLY: It was the same act but we just added a lot more to it. The new records left spaces for it to go in. We try to always have everything with a natural effect, and the way that "The Message" came to us it was strange, that was the natural effect right there; it gave the whole overall effect to our act, coming on being pushed around, like that.

HIGH TIMES: Who'd you look up to, coming up?

FLASH: Inspirational credits? Stevie Wonder, Rick James, Sugar Ray Leonard. Muhammad Ali, the Jacksons.

MELLY: A lot of people. The Beatles. The Bee Gees.

FLASH: All the big powerful people.

MELLY: Anybody that if they did their thing we dug it. I don't think I enjoy opera music, but—

HIGH TIMES: What about Jimi Hendrix?

MELLY: I never really got into him, but I admired the impact he had on his followers.

FLASH: The greatest guitarist in the world they called him. He was ahead of his time more or less.

HIGH TIMES: What about Sly?

FLASH: Heavy into Sly.

leather and the spikes, it started working real good and then we adopted that.

FLASH: It's a part of our skin, leather. One place or another, every day I wear a piece of leather.

MELLY: Now we try to make it our trademark, the leather, the studs. That's the trend now, more or less to look streety, so everybody try to put on their little stud or something and we try to master it.

HIGH TIMES: Where did you pick up the tails that are attached to your leathers?

FLASH: That's the newest thing we're getting into, newest attachment to the image.

MELLY: We used to have beads, that's a dog's tail right here.

FLASH: Ain't that weird, that scared the shit out of me

when I first seen it. Goddamn dog. That shit is a dog.

MELLY: It ain't foxes, it ain't raccoon.

FLASH: That's a goddamn dog, it's a German shepherd and some other shit mixed.

MELLY: It's not a possum, it got to be a dog. They just ain't telling, somewhere they killing dogs and they making tails, but they just ain't saying something.

There's always something you can do to keep your edge on the higher levels. We figure we move, all the other emcees move, too. So they ain't never on solid ground and we are, because we're moving because we want to and they're moving because they have to.

HIGH TIMES: Do you still see yourselves as outlaws? Is there that type of feeling?

MELLY: We feel kinda

rebellious, being that our place in society puts us in that position to be the rebel.

HIGH TIMES: I was wondering how you were feeling in the Red Parrot, a white middle-class chichi place.

MELLY: That type of audience, that's our most comfortable surroundings. We did our best shows, as far as whole show from beginning to end, at places like Ritz, Pep Lounge or Red Parrot or when we went overseas. From the beginning to the whole overall effect.

The audience, they get into that, and also they know what to look for in a show. In our neighborhood they don't know exactly what hit them after we came out there, being that we got a show—it's not just us standing up there and I'm not doing rhymes; being

Peter Hudson

George Clinton.

HIGH TIMES: Have you had movie offers already?

MELLY: Naw, we still working on it.

FLASH: We got one, I don't want to say what it is.

HIGH TIMES: "The Message" would be ideal for a movie. It's got a story line.

MELLY: Right now the street is trendy. Everyone wants to know about the man on the street. It's not like the main thing right now is the bourgeois suit-and-tie effect. Everybody like coming down to that medium level. Even the people that got money, they dress to look like they don't, wearing that depressed look.

HIGH TIMES: Like six-hundred-dollar distressed leather jackets.

MELLY: Right, it's to look like you don't have, like you on the street so you blend in on any level.

HIGH TIMES: Have you been accused of selling out?

MELLY: Naw.

FLASH: Commercial is the goal, that's the goal you want to reach.

MELLY: If you try to be too streety, ain't nobody gonna understand what you talking about. If you use all slang words, like "This dude is going to my pad," this and that; ain't nobody gonna understand you. What "The Message" has made us do is branch out to reach the people more or less on their level, not only on our level, 'cause the vibe we give off is the street vibe anyway, regardless of whether it's commercial or not. Being that we making it commercial is just something that they can get into.

HIGH TIMES: Isn't it ironic that "The Message," which is a song about the down ghetto conditions, is getting such attention from white middle-class America? Isn't that mind-blowing?

FLASH: We were kinda worried about doing it while we were recording it. We were worried about it, not making any kinda noise on any level. We figured maybe people didn't want to hear that, but through convincing and talking we cut it, and boom, it's like surprising that

people want to know about that, the ghetto, the down part of life.

HIGH TIMES: But it rings true, the lyrics, the rap.

FLASH: Like you listening to music, let's say throughout the week you're nine to five, you had a hard week's work, you're tired, you want to go out and party—why would a person want to hear this? We had a lot of trouble with this record, it was real touchy. It's like there was no middle. The records that we create, if they don't do excellent they're gonna do pretty good, our track record has been pretty decent. But something like this, the risk factor was so high, either it was going to be a big thing or it was gonna be a miss.

HIGH TIMES: Whose decision was it to plow ahead with it?

FLASH: What happened was, with our group we're slightly egotistical because we got to go back to our neighborhood, and for us to put out a complete miss—"You guys are

slipping, man!" Matter of fact, in one point in time when we put "The Message" out I remember one person scared the daylight out of me. He said, "Flash, I've always been your devoted fan, I love you but I don't like that record." I remember I stayed in the house, I just stayed in the house, but Mrs. Robinson said, "Flash, this is gonna be a big thing." You got to respect the woman for her intuition. All of a sudden she made one dub, boom, that was it, it blew up. "Like a jungle, like a jungle" on every station.

HIGH TIMES: Does the band make decisions democratically?

FLASH: Yeah.

HIGH TIMES: You end up voting?

MELLY: It's like a majority thing a lot of times, or sometimes someone can persuade someone, too.

It's more or less how our country is run, or should be run. We go with a definite majority, there's seven of us

and everybody got a vote and it counts.

HIGH TIMES: Do you worry about running out of material?

MELLY: No, because it always comes like from back in the neighborhood; a good record would come up, or being that we know a little bit about what's supposed to be going on, anyway, we can throw something together.

HIGH TIMES: But you always have to be worried about the next one.

MELLY: Yeah, because everybody's eyes be more or less on it, and then if it don't come up the way it should... We made a Message II to "The Message"; it's a message in itself but it's not what the people are looking for. It's not really a sequel. It's called "Survival," only the strong can survive. It was a good record but—it was supposed to be the follow-up, but I don't think it did, because it's not what the people were looking for. They weren't looking for no advice, that was advice; "The Message" ain't exactly no advice, it's just what's on the record and they can listen to it and pick and choose from what's there. But people don't want no advice, the different ways of how to survive.

I didn't think "Survival" was gonna make it on the level of "The Message" anyway, because it's got too much of a dance beat to it. It's like that electronic music, and the reason why "The Message" appealed to everyone was because the music was kind of dull. When I first heard the music—it was like the music more or less would grow on you after you got the words. They took the music from a part of music that we already done.

HIGH TIMES: How come Sugarhill Gang didn't record it if Fletcher wrote the song?

MELLY: 'Cause they didn't want to do it either. They was probably asked to do it but they definitely wouldn't do it because they come from out here and they ain't got no feel for nothing that ever went on in the ghetto. Fletcher come from Connecticut or something.

The Message

A child is born with no state of mind,
blind to the ways of mankind.
God smiling on you but he's frowning too,
'cause only God knows what you'll go through.
You grow in the ghetto living second-rate,
and your eyes will sing a song of deep hate.
The places you play and where you stay
looks like one great big alleyway.
You admire all the number-book takers,
thugs, pimps, pushers, and the big money makers.
Driving big cars, spending twenties and tens,
and you wanna grow up to be just like them.
Smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers,
pickpockets, peddlers, even panhandlers.
You say I'm cool. Ha, I'm no fool.
But then you wind up dropping out of high school.
Now you're unemployed, all non-void,
walking 'round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd.
Turned stickup kid, look what you done did,
got sent up for an eight-year bid.
Now you're manhood is took and you're a Maytag,
spend the next two years as an undercover fag,
being used and abused and served like hell,
till one day you're found dead in a cell.
It was plain to see that your life was lost,
you were cold and your body swung back and forth.
Now your eyes did sing a sad, sad song
of how you lived too fast and died so young.
So...

Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge,
I'm trying not to lose my head.
It's like a jungle sometimes,
it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

HIGH TIMES: The grittiest stuff is your segment of the song.

MELLY: That's the only real message to a young person; they can listen to that and get some insight on the stuff that they went through.

HIGH TIMES: That segment on the guy who goes to jail, is that based on someone you know?

MELLY: It could have been me, but it was based on a cross between me and someone that really got the bad end of it. Like I've been to jail, but I was only in jail for five days, I didn't really have to stay there. It was just like me being there to see what it was all about, so I never did really know real time.

HIGH TIMES: What did you get busted for?

MELLY: I robbed a decoy cop, dressed like a bum. Just being stupid. Bums don't even have money, so I wasn't really using the head. A bum ain't got shit and we tried to rob him.

HIGH TIMES: Maybe you were practicing? How old were you?

MELLY: I was fifteen then, I'm twenty-one now. Me going to jail gave me a lot of insight.

HIGH TIMES: Do most members of the group come from poor welfare families?

MELLY: Just about all of us I believe. Raheim's mother was a teacher, even though they was in neighborhood they weren't part of what was going on. His mother held him back from it. Me and Creole is brothers. And Flash and Mike were raised around the same neighborhood, even though I never met them when I was young. When we got older, me, Creole and Mr. Ness lived around the same neighborhood and everybody was close, we'd meet at the parties.

HIGH TIMES: All of you could very well be strung-out junkies now. What was it about you that you were able to get into music—

MELLY: Basically, it's that we have big dreams and there ain't but so many ways to fulfill them if you growing up in a ghetto. Maybe you could play ball, or you could probably go to school and make somethin' out of yourself, but that's the full effect. Going through all the years of competition and

the system more or less isolates you, you'll be the token. They'll take you because they have to take somebody black, so, wham, you got you a spot.

HIGH TIMES: That's a very middle-level dream.

MELLY: Yeah, it's not the high highest. So that's the only ways you can come out of it unless you want to go through an illegal channel, and that's not gonna get you where you want to go, it's just gonna get you the money.

HIGH TIMES: You must have some worries that five years down the line you might be back scrounging to get a janitor's job in Manhattan.

MELLY: That's true, but even still right now that reality will always be there, but if life is a gamble anyway, we'd rather gamble it like this way here.

HIGH TIMES: Have you changed since you got the hits?

MELLY: Personally?

HIGH TIMES: Did you indulge yourself, buy shit?

MELLY: Yeah, we got a little more into ourselves, that was the only change. We got more into ourselves but not for just us though, but for all the people that's gonna be around us. We gotta be seen on a certain level, we can't look like we don't have it when everybody's looking for us to have it. We have to get into ourselves like that so we can look like the persons that we supposed to be, rather than somebody that we not, like the low-post type. We don't try to play low profile, we want to be out there in the spotlight.

HIGH TIMES: The royalties aren't enough to make seven people rich, though.

MELLY: Well, right now we ain't looking to get rich, we trying to just make a living right now, keep bread on the table, but we more or less trying to concentrate everything now on the people, more or less to try to see if we can say something that they want us to say, or something that they would say themselves, and then later on down the line maybe we would be rich, but they would have to make us rich.

That's the payoff, once we find that little key, a few words, you know, two lines, and that'll make us rich men

'cause we'll say it for them.

HIGH TIMES: "The Message" seems to work because of those basic lines about it being a jungle and because of your lines.

MELLY: That's what I thought too, all the other stuff except for the beginning verse, the broken glass everywhere, all the other stuff was like mediocre, stuff he [Fletcher] probably just threw in there.

HIGH TIMES: Your verse is really strong all the way through, a continuous narrative.

MELLY: Yeah, to tell you the truth, for me to just sit here today I couldn't tell you how I came up with somethin' like that.

HIGH TIMES: Where did you write that? At home?

MELLY: Yeah, at home. It was just a pad and paper thing and we put it on the record, but I was just trying to come up with the story, but after a while, when I got older and we had made "The Message" and hearing it over in my head, I analyzed what was going on for a person to grow up in the ghetto, like what could happen in his lifetime, like what could convince you to be the person you are if you're growing up in the ghetto, who got the biggest influence on you. In the ghetto it's like the pimp or the big-time pusher or the numbers runner, it's not like a doctor or a lawyer—that's why you don't find people growing up to be citizens that come out of the ghetto. They be like characters, 'cause they idolize characters.

HIGH TIMES: Sometimes maybe it's better to be a character than a citizen.

MELLY: Me, I idolize characters but I grew up to be a different kind of character. I'm not the kind of character that's like the antisocial type. You got to go with the system in order to be anything, but the system itself allows you to break into different directions.

HIGH TIMES: Where was your biggest audience in the States?

FLASH: Texas.

MELLY: Biggest audience I would say was when we did the Rick James concert, that was sixty thousand in Birmingham, Alabama.

HIGH TIMES: Were you uptight then?

MELLY: Naw. Ain't none of us nervous, 'cause we hams, we show-offs. We love it.

FLASH: Sometimes I might get butterflies the second before I go onstage.

MELLY: Everybody gets those.

FLASH: Once I'm onstage, it's like "Here I am."

HIGH TIMES: Our photographer was taking pictures at the Red Parrot and he said you have a little picture of yourself on one of your turntables.

FLASH: On both of them. I like looking at myself.

MELLY: Goddamn, they notice a lot of shit.

FLASH: I'm in one of my space suits.

HIGH TIMES: How did you first start in with turntables?

FLASH: Back in the days when I was coming up, the deejays I was watching that were pretty big was guys like Mboya, Flowers, Pete D.J. Jones, Cool Herc, but I always notice that with a record, from start to finish, there's always a climactic point, and I always noticed that when the jock played it and it got to that certain point, the crowd would really get into it, but after it passed that certain point the crowd would calm down.

I always seen it as a pitfall in a disc jockey, to sit there and wait. The idea is to motivate that crowd as much as possible, whatever it takes, and with a lot of records that I had, the climactic points was forty-five seconds, thirty seconds, maybe seventy-five seconds at the most, sixteen bars, and if it took me playing that little part, took me bobbing and weaving, going crazy finding that little part, find it, keep that climactic part going for about five minutes, then I could make those people on that dance floor sweat till they dropped, that was my objective—to make them dance till they're tired.

HIGH TIMES: How do you keep it going?

FLASH: The break may be, let's say, thirty seconds. The idea is that with every break there's an intro, certain instruments that key you it's the break. Like it might be *bam*, or a vocal "Hey." So I call this the "clock theory," to be able to pick the

needle up and drop it in the right spot. With one twelve-inch there could be four thousand grooves, you got to know just where to drop it. As a table's turning, if I drop it, in most instances I can drop it right on that groove or maybe one groove away.

The idea is to just *bam*, cue it, jump on the side, *bam*, cue it, but at the same time they're not hearing me cue it up. All they know is that this break is going longer than it usually does. That's where I started getting my following. A lot of the break records that used to be played, the beginning was probably shitty, the end of the record was probably shitty, but the middle was the high-powered shit, and the drummer might have gotten a solo for thirty seconds, so a lot of the jockeys tried to keep it going but they was so sloppy about it. It used to get me mad.

My objective was to be able to cue it up and keep it going, but the problem was I used to watch the disc jockeys, they had somethin' on their head. Being that I went to electronics school, I knew it was some type of system where he was hearing the turntable before he was mixing it out, so after I had met Peter D.J. Jones and he let me play on his system a couple of times, I had to go out and buy a single-pole double throw switch connected to an external amplifier with a jack to go through headphones.

Once I built it, it was no problem then. So all the little breaks that I wasn't about to pinpoint exactly 'cause I couldn't hear it, now I was able to hear it, and after I mastered it, that's when the year 1975 came up and I needed vocal entertainment. 'Cause sometimes the breaks would be short but the breaks would sound so good that it took strict concentration—you couldn't look up, not for a second—to keep on time. That's really where I got my fame from—cutting so fast. **HIGH TIMES:** What about when you play a phrase twice, or three times, on the turntable?

FLASH: You know how I discovered that? When a deejay's

"We used to have beads, that's a dog's tail right here... It ain't foxes... It's not a possum, it got to be a dog."



Peter Hudson

cueing, that's exactly what he's hearing, but nobody thought about pushing it out to the crowd, and being that I was always good with the beat, all it took was a handclap stopping it, or taking a guitar lick or a horn *eehh* and just obliterating it and you had to manipulate it in such a way that it would complement what's playing on the other turntable. You'd hear a strange noise and either it would attract you or it would scare you away, but in most cases attract. It attracted a pretty big following, and after a while nobody wanted to hear just the regular mix or whatever was elementary to that.

And from there our following got bigger and bigger and the ultimate goal then was the Audubon Ballroom, the ultimate in size, two blocks long,

held two thousand people, 166th and Broadway. The shit could have held a small jet. Like Mel says, the pinnacle was to play the Audubon Ballroom, but recording just took the whole goal into another perspective, another distance. It was, who could make the best rap record? **HIGH TIMES:** You played the Audubon?

FLASH: We were the first ones to ever pack it. Slam-packed it.

HIGH TIMES: Where were you gigging, aside from parks?

FLASH: A spot no bigger than a bathroom, called Black Door.

MELLY: We used to pack that—

FLASH: Fifty people, it would be packed. Those were the good old days, I miss that. A nasty dance came out called the Freak... I miss the good old house parties. Then we

graduated from there, went to a place called Dixie Club, then we got notoriety from Dixie Club, then Mitchells Gym, then PAL, then all the major schools started asking us to play.

I broke about five hundred dollars' worth of needles before I perfected my technique. All the ones they speak of that's so high quality.

HIGH TIMES: In the light of your newfound fame, has your E.T. potential gone up?

FLASH: What's "E.T."?

HIGH TIMES: "Eligible tail"—you guys getting lots more girls now?

MELLY: Not more but better. We was always taking on all comers, c'mere little girls.

HIGH TIMES: Now you can have some standards.

MELLY: Yeah, now they got to be at least twelve years old. □

THE PEASHOOTER PERPLEX, PART II

by Dean Latimer

In Part I of the "Peashooter Perplex," it was explained how, in 1979, a panel of the Food and Drug Administration approved the use of the stimulating decongestant phenylpropanolamine (PPA) for diet-aid purposes. Unfortunately, it wasn't just "respectable" drug companies like Thompson Medical (Dietac, etc.) and Smith Kline Beckman (Dexatrim) who cashed in on it, by producing pretty-colored peashooter pills and capsules full

of PPA and caffeine. So many truckers, college kids, housewives and assorted unlicensed individuals took to wholesaling nameless "look-alike uppers," by the millions, on the streets all around the country, that it all became a major scandal by 1980. The FDA and DEA, terrified of catching the political blame for it all, actually began writing up imitation laws to control these imitation drugs. And so the farce goes on.

The introduction to the DEA's "Model Imitation Controlled Substances Act" puts it in a pretty nice nutshell. This remarkable law, with its remarkable introduction, was drafted in late 1979 by the DEA's chief attorney, William Lenck. A year earlier Lenck had drafted the DEA's Byzantine "Model Drug Paraphernalia Act," which by this time was already being used to harass headshops out of business in over 20 states.



In the second part
of this three-act farce, our
Executive Almighty Editor shows
exactly how the FDA and DEA,
working with the media,
could persuade you that pure
branch water was a
malignant, baby-killing poison,
if they ever wanted
to do that.

Lenck's 1979 model peashooter act was a much simpler production than his headshop law. Its rather anguished "introduction," though, gives a pretty sharp idea of the pressures the federal government's top narco squad was feeling just then.

The words "children" and "parents" recur throughout Lenck's preface to this peashooter act with a monotony which amounts to self-satire. Before the neoconservative political coalition cranked up its excremental "parents" groups in the late '70s, to mobilize political sentiment against anyone who might possibly be tarred as "soft on drugs," the DEA was broadly perceived as a fierce, ruthless gang of narco cops who vigorously bashed down doors in the middle of the night to apprehend alleged drug-crime perpetrators. With his model acts pertaining to headgear and peashooters, though, William Lenck sought to portray these hard-boiled, pistol-packing narcs as so many Catchers in the Rye.

"College, high-school and even junior high-school students" were the "primary targets" of the peashooter industry, as Lenck diagnosed it. "Of course, the dangers to a child who has been ingesting five or six caffeine pills and attempts the same thing with real amphetamines one day is obvious." Then there's "the growing climate of acceptance of these substances among students," a social evil certain to have morally corrosive consequences, "particularly on our youth." And so on: kids and drugs, kids and drugs.

Not that the drugs *themselves* are necessarily so evil: "They are found in many of the more common over-the-counter products, and when used as directed, are not generally harmful."

(Thus the DEA avoided offense to Thompson Medical and Smith Kline.) No, it was mainly the *advertising* for peashooters from which all these evils sprung, Lenck made it perfectly clear. "Some wholesalers have expended tens of thousands of dollars on advertising, money they consider well-spent." (This makes an additional distinction between the mail-order advertisers and the big drug companies, which spend tens of *millions* every year, hustling their respectable drugstore peashooters on TV.) "In recent months there has been a plethora of advertisements in the underground drug press"—guess who *that* means—"in music magazines, and even in the legitimate press," whatever that may signify. And here's the nub of it all: "Parents and community leaders have written to express their feelings of outrage and indignation at the way these substances are being freely advertised and sold."

So it was really the advertising of peashooters, the most embarrassingly public aspect of this lamentable drug phenomenon, that was the target of the DEA's babysitting gesture here. Certainly Lenck's definition of look-alikes, in the body of his peashooter act, would be instantly voided on the grounds of

unconstitutional vagueness, if anyone would ever take the trouble to challenge it in open court. Check this out. An "imitation controlled substance," it says here, "means a substance that is not a controlled substance, which by dosage-unit appearance (including color, shape, size and markings), or by representations made, would lead a reasonable person to believe that the substance is a controlled substance."

If an anthology of goofy lawyer-writing is ever published, William Lenck's 1979 peashooter act will set the basic tone and style for it. Implicitly recognizing that most cops (like most "reasonable" persons in the world) really can't tell the difference between Preludin and M&Ms, Lenck's model act tosses out a few choice "logically relevant factors" to assist in making such a determination. For instance, the dirt bag is probably up to *something* fishy if the cop can discern "evasive tactics or actions utilized by the owner or person in control of the substance to avoid detection by law-enforcement authorities." This is really a *choice* work of legislation, this DEA Model Imitation Controlled Substances Act.

As to who should do the work of enforcing this tissue of imbecility, Lenck

If an anthology of goofy-lawyer writing is ever published, the DEA's 1979 peashooter act will set the basic tone and style for it.

is very emphatic about it in the "Comment" which was appended to his act, quite belatedly, after it had sailed through the legislatures of some 25 states. There was never any problem in *passing* this act anywhere, howsoever stupid its wording, since no decent person would ever be caught dead opposing it, with all that talk of kids and drugs. But after perplexed police officers in all those jurisdictions began asking the feds how to enforce this law, exactly, Lenck tacked this comment to it, to make it very explicit that the *DEA* certainly wasn't about to get hung with the job. Here is a law that orders the police to go after nickel-and-dime vendors of peashooters with all the elaborate set-up-and-snare narco routines ordinarily reserved for smack and coke merchants. Therefore, in this comment, Lenck unmistakably confirms that the model act is strictly a recommendation—"a guide," in fact—to state legislators, not a promise by the feds to bust their *own* overworked and underpaid police asses in chasing down nickel-and-dime scumbuckets who peddle phony pills.

But that came much later. There was no such exculpatory comment on this fabulous act in 1979, when the DEA sent it out to all their neoconservative parents groups, with directions on how best to lobby it through city councils and state legislatures. Thus the Drug Enforcement Administration was seen to definitely *do* something about this Look-alikes Menace, even if later on (as we shall see), they had to eat the whole thing.

It was a much trickier proposition for the FDA, this Look-alikes Menace. It was their own OTC advisory panel that had unleashed PPA onto the open market in the first place, remember, to the

immeasurable benefit of several perfectly respectable drug companies. After its 75-year history of dedicated toadying to the big drug companies, the FDA was hardly in any moral position to begin *frustrating* them, all of a sudden. While there are always a few middle-management young Turks in the FDA who will say nasty things about the drug companies (sometimes even for attribution!), the top administrators there have always been, and forever will be, securely in the pocket of the "legitimate" pharmaceuticals industry.

But by 1980, with grotesque peashooter ads defiling the newsstands coast to coast, it was definitely incumbent on the FDA to be seen to *do* something about the Look-alikes Menace. An in-house memorandum from that year frets candidly about all the heat the agency was picking up from consumer groups, parents groups and cops of all jurisdictions, inflamed about peashooters. "In fact," the memo candidly went on, "we are unaware of any segment of our society other than the manufacturers, distributors and the individuals who purchase these OTC 'look-alike' products that will not support removing OTC 'look-alikes' from the marketplace." A later memo from the same year mentions "some internal pressure" within the FDA to get PPA officially classified as a Category III OTC drug, which would officially require that its producers *prove* its safety and effectiveness.

But that was all the talk of impetuous young Turks, and cooler heads prevailed. The FDA has never gotten around to officially endorsing the DEA's model peashooter act (probably because Thompson's brown-and-clear Dietac really does look eerily akin to Smith Kline's old-fashioned bennies, just as

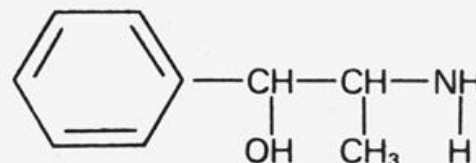
Smith Kline's Dexatrim disturbingly resembles their own green-and-clear Dexamyls). Recognizing that the DEA's model act could be conceivably misconstrued by ignorant police officers to apply to these perfectly respectable drugstore peashooters, the FDA very quietly, in 1980, composed its *own* definition of "counterfeit controlled substances," an amendment to the Pure Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. This one literally *eats itself*! The definition, shorn of all obfuscatory subsidiary clauses, is a grammatical Möbius strip: "The term 'counterfeit drug' means a drug which . . . without authorization . . . bears the trademark . . . of the manufacturer . . . other than the person . . . who in fact manufactured . . . such drug." This is actually funnier than William Lenck's lawyer talk, but it shows that the FDA's tushie was in exactly the right place, straddling the rail between the respectable drug companies and the neoconservative "antidrug" political phalange.

This actually staved off further FDA action for over a year. By 1981, though, with Reagan in the saddle and the neoconservatives conducting an orgy of right-wing vindictiveness unseen since the McCarthy era, solid action was called for on this Look-alikes Menace. "Whether it has the power to act or not," *Drug Topics News* was agonizing, "the FDA is getting a lot of pressure from parents groups and local law-enforcement agencies to do *something*," (emphasis in original). Somebody had to be *arrested*, dammit—or at least the next best thing to it—like a good media drug scare.

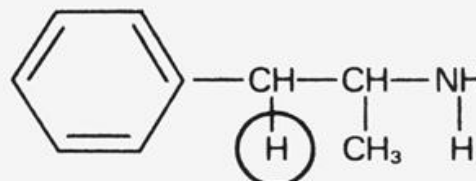
The drug scare was undertaken in classic FDA fashion. Editorials, letters and articles in the professional medical magazines were the first harbingers of the oncoming Look-alike Menace. The

The Structural Similarities among Phenylpropanolamine, Amphetamine and Ephedrine.

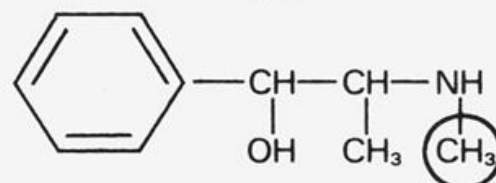
**PHENYLPROPA-
NOLAMINE**



AMPHETAMINE



EPHEDRINE



letter to *American Pharmacy* from young David Mallin, president of the Student American Pharmaceutical Association at Wayne State University's drug school in Detroit, was about the cutest thing in this line. After emotionally appealing for a statewide ban on ads for peashooters—just the ads, mind you—and taking a rather gratuitous swipe at DMSO, Mallin wound it up rather gorgeously: "In this way we can keep the public confidence in the profession of pharmacy and do away with unfair misconceptions of our profession. The sword of Damocles will always hang above pharmacy. Let's make sure it doesn't fall."

Drug Topics News, mouthpiece of the American Pharmaceutical Association, chimed in with a call for a crackdown on pills and caps "made to resemble real, abusible prescription drugs." The editorial was a real Jeremiad: "The risks—and our industry's reputation—are too high for anything short of total removal of these phonies from the marketplace." A clip-out form letter was provided, for mailing to the FDA: "I, the undersigned, agree with the sentiments in this editorial. There should be a strong regulation making look-alike prescription drugs a federal offense." To avert the forthcoming catastrophe, all prudent U.S. druggists were forcefully bidden to put themselves on record now as loyal clients of perfectly respectable abusible-drug companies, and of no one else.

The perfectly respectable drug companies themselves were advised, as the summer of '81 approached, that something special was about to happen. Gene Haislip of the DEA's compliance bureau got the message across to Pennwalt that it might be good for the company to publicly distance itself from all

its imitators, and Pennwalt began suing every producer of black beauties that could be located. The Lederle company actually sued a vitamin firm which was counterfeiting its "Materna" prenatal-care nostrums, and won a \$7,000 settlement.

And then, as though on cue, those two healthy young boys in Albuquerque allegedly dropped dead from peashooters that summer, and the scare hit prime-time telly.

NBC's "Nightly News," with Roger Mudd, led off in mid August with a rather brief segment on "look-alike amphetamines, which can be more deadly than the real thing." From the FDA's helpful list of 12 peashooter deaths since 1979, however, they chose to concentrate on one of the 10 suicides, a young woman who'd killed herself in Belvedere, Illinois. Thus the charismatic young Illinois attorney general, Tyrone Fahner, made his prime-time debut, snarling about the "low-life entrepreneurs" who profiteer off look-alikes.

A couple weeks later, Max Robinson on ABC's "World News Tonight" furnished a considerably more lurid peashooter segment. The death of one of the Albuquerque youths was covered in horrific detail. Interviews with the attending physician, Dr. Diskant, and

with the boy's numbed and grieving parents were deftly intercut with comments from one Jerry Hecht of "Zia Pharnacal," a peashooter wholesaler who distributed four million dose-units through the area per week. Hecht was either ignorant about the dead kids, or one of the most singularly abrasive persons in all Christendom: "It's what this country asked for," he told the ABC prime-time news crew, "and it's what they're going to get." It was so juicy, Robinson did "Look-Alikes: Part Two" the following evening: an interview with the boy's parents; a rant from Tyrone Fahner of Illinois; and Jerry Hecht unrepentant: "I'm not going to quit. I like making the money."

Hecht, who also ran two peashooter shops in Albuquerque and Santa Fe, could not have been more perfect for the FDA's dope-scare purposes if they'd bribed him outright. "You don't see any labels or warnings on a bottle of whiskey, mister," he told prime-time viewers on both CBS and ABC. "I don't want to hear that crap. I've heard it too long. Gun dealers are the same thing. A guy goes out and blows his old lady away. That's not the gun dealer's fault. That's the idiot that pulled the trigger." When Christopher Glenn replayed this for a "Newsbreak" segment several nights

After its 75-year history of toadying to the big drug companies, the FDA was hardly in any moral position to begin frustrating them...

later, he looked like he sincerely was going to be sick on the air.

The print-media coverage was very much the same, except that *Time* somehow turned up 14 peashooter deaths, two more than the FDA ever discovered, before or since. All, of course, were kids. (No one has ever suitably explained how peashooters have only succeeded in fetching off these young, healthy people, when there are so many older, more infirm people taking them all the time; or why, after fetching off 12 of them between 1979 and mid-'81, peashooters abruptly *stopped* killing kids, at least until this writing.)

In the fullness of time—barely two weeks after this sustained media scare, in September 1981—the feds cracked down on the peashooter industry at last. This operation, however much it appeared to be in righteous response to the late-breaking TV scare, had obviously been quite some time in the planning. It was carried off with simply *surgical* delicacy.

There was not a single arrest, though there was sure a lot of fire and brimstone. Press releases from the feds went out everywhere. U.S. federal marshals, at the behest of the DEA and FDA, had "raided" the premises of nine "drug manufacturers" in five states, and seized 15-million filled capsules and tablets, 20-million capsules imprinted with "counterfeit dyes" and equipment "valued at over \$1 million." Well, it *sounded* like a major transnational drug-ring mop-up. The feds had confiscated a Zinasi BZ-150 capsule filler (worth \$500,000 itself, by modest estimate), a tabletting machine, a labeling machine, a big bunch of "counterfeit" punches and dies, some ovens, some bottle-filling machines, a tablet *counter* and a "Detecto 9000/850 scale." Even if

they omitted to bust a single human being, it sure *sounded* like a major blow to some sort of iniquitous, large-scale criminal drugs conspiracy.

But it wasn't a criminal prosecution, y'see, however much you might think so from the thrill-a-minute press releases. These nine rather well-endowed pharmaceuticals companies (most of them nearly as rich as Thompson Medical itself) were "raided" under the provisions of the FDA's new "counterfeit drug" addendum to the Food, Drug and Cosmetics Act. The raids primarily consisted of federal marshals walking into the plants (in New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Florida and Alabama) and pasting notices on the machinery, to the effect that it was to be considered "confiscated" by the U.S. government until further notice. Since there were no criminal charges to be pressed and answered in open court, no one ever *has* explained what these "drug companies" had been doing, exactly, to warrant all this regulatory attention. In any case, they all had their property returned, within months, after the owners signed "consent decrees," promising to abide by FDA regulations in the future, whether or not they had really been abiding by them all along.

The U.S. Post Office, the same week in September '81, came in with a sort of crackdown of its own, officially suspending mail delivery to 35 "distributors" of peashooters. This was not likely to have seriously inconvenienced anyone, either; in such a case, the distributors merely change their post-office box numbers.

And that was it: the big peashooter crackdown of 1981, the federal response to the Look-alikes Menace. Though it may not actually have been a hell of a hardship for anyone concerned,

it got a decent amount of ink—FAKE NARCOTICS SEIZED! in the *Washington Post*—and after it was over, honest citizens had the comforting feeling that the feds had done something substantial about look-alike drugs at last.

Honest people *deserved* some comforting by this time. All over the country, by that summer, a lot of really audacious entrepreneurs had taken to peddling peashooters openly, in volume, from storefront shops that came to be known as "speed boutiques." They were particularly successful in the Midwest. Cedar Falls, for instance, was the site of the Energy Shop, which was effectively nothing but a couple of shelves displaying bottles of many-colored pills and caps, clearly labeled as mere combinations of PPA, ephedrine and caffeine. Though the cops growled amain about it all—"The schools are full of these kinds of pills"—there just wasn't much they could properly *do* about it. The very personable 23-year-old kid who ran the Energy Shop did all his proper FDA paperwork, never misrepresented his dope to anybody and even came off on telly more clean-cut than the cops. "I'm putting drug dealers out of business," he would personably explain to the media. And he probably was, too, since his prices per dose-unit were even cheaper than "legitimate" drugstore diet aids.

For a while there was a regular chain of speed boutiques called *Déjà Vu*, headquartered in Independence, Missouri. It took a whole lot of bloody thunder to get rid of *Déjà Vu*, since they weren't breaking any laws either. Independence city councilman John Carnes, however, took off after *Déjà Vu* as a sort of personal obsession. "There is a cancer growing in this city," Carnes was howling. "How strong is our resolve to

remove from our city this insidious sham operation which victimizes our citizenry? Let the cry go out in all directions to fall on every ear that the people of this city have said, 'Oh, no, you don't—not in Independence!' " He called it "kiddie dope," and the local papers echoed to every eye: KIDDIE DOPE! When Déjà Vu's landlord finally managed to get that awful store off his premises, councilman Carnes gloated, "I take some pride in running these types of people out of town."

By far the most famous of the speed boutiques, though, was the Original Over-the-Counter Drug Company of America, which for a couple months sat on Ventura Boulevard in Hollywood, just outside of Studio City. A certain Dennis Harshmann had the questionable foresight and taste to open this place in September '81, right after the dead-children media scare, and in a season when every Hollywood celebrity from Nancy Reagan to Miss Piggy was beating the "Get High on Yourself" gong. Harshmann simply laid in a few shelves of black beauties, yellow jackets and white crosses, hung up some T-shirts proclaiming LEGAL STIMULANTS—THEY REALLY WORK and waited for customers.

He got a picket line, organized by a "citizens group" under the direction of one Paul Lindenschmid. Lindenschmid went all over the media with the endangered-children theme, and was beautifully supported by the police. "We're helpless to stop it," a DEA agent regretfully told the Hollywood papers. "The sad thing is that by taking this stuff, kids are being programmed for the real thing. They take six or seven of these phonies, then they take six or seven of the real thing someday, and they're dead." And a veteran L.A. narc re-

vealed, "These pills look so much like the real thing, not even I can tell the difference."

By and by, as it will in Hollywood, art infiltrated life. Jack "Quincy" Klugman, Daniel "Captain Furillo" Travanti and Gordon "Mr. Carlson" Jump of "WKRP" were all recruited, by Lindenschmid, to put in time on the picket line. "It's all so stupid, so incredibly thoughtless," mourned Travanti, "playing games, pretending to be taking real drugs. Anyone who promotes that is a fool."

A citation for "mislabeling," under the Los Angeles County health-and-safety codes, finally persuaded Harshmann to get out of the spotlight. City attorney Ira Reiner was glad to see the back of him, saying he had "showed contempt for the sensibility of the community." (That is, the sensibility of Hollywood, USA.) Harshmann said he was perplexed; he'd never picked up that much heat while peashooting around Albuquerque in Jerry Hecht's heyday.

This all turned into the next season's "Quincy" opener, of course. The "Quincy" writers periodically drop their standards and hack out a cliché antidope melodrama, but this one seemed to dispirit them. Dr. Quincy, briefly, is obliged to slice up two teenage cadavers in

the course of this fable. One dies of peashooters, because he's got a preexisting blood-pressure condition that gets touched off by PPA-induced hypertension; the other, accustomed to popping black beauties by the handful, somehow scores a handful of real Biphedamines. Dr. Quincy tries to run the local speed-boutique proprietor out of town, but is advised by the cops that nothing can be done until the city passes a DEA Model Imitation Controlled Substances Act. It had all the makings of a decent melodrama, but the writers' stomachs didn't appear to be wholly behind it, because they took no pains to make either of the doomed kids appear likable at all while alive.

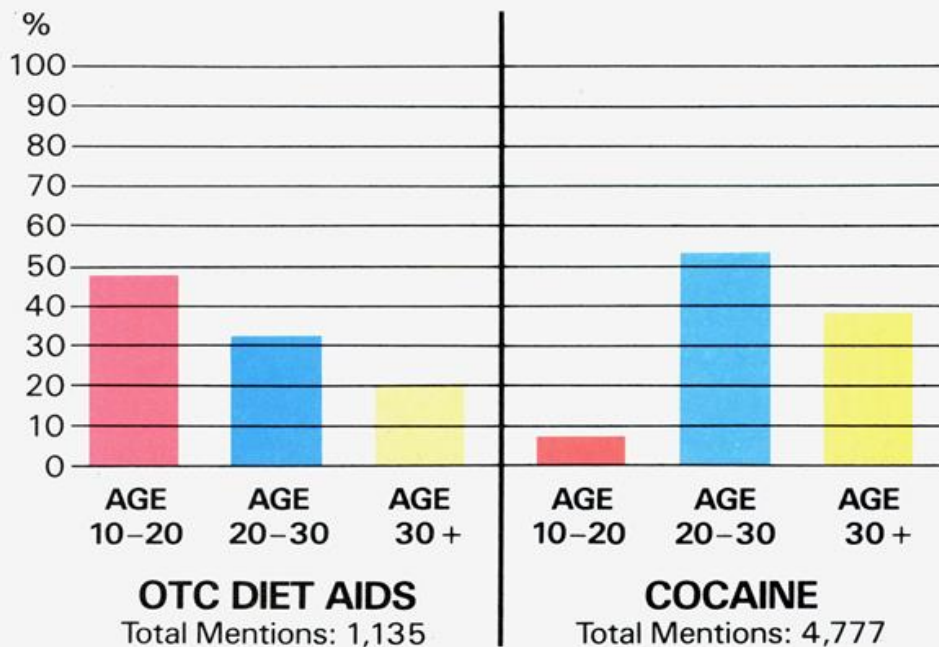
Anyhow, by this time the Look-alike Menace had turned into something just surpassingly bizarre. □

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Exeunt "look-alikes," enter "non-look-alikes"... How to make a million dollars at home in your spare time... The great media scare and crackdown of 1982... Exeunt Tyrone Fahner... The DEA eats its own peashooter law... The FDA eats its peashooter law... The drug companies go on getting richer... And thus all things are lovely.

1981 Emergency-Room Mentions of OTC Diet Aid and Cocaine Overdose

Source: DAWN/NIDA



JOHN AGAR IS SLEEPING

It was an awkward plan carried out by amateurs.
No one was supposed to get hurt. No one was supposed to die. What went wrong? No one has gotten up the courage to go back into that Louisiana swamp to find out.

by Pat Bishop

John Agar sleeps.

In the swamp a dozen formerly unemployed Negroes from Morgan City dance listlessly around a bonfire. A man dressed in a hula skirt throws wood on the flames. The formerly unemployed Negroes are rousing themselves into a frenzy of revenge. A young white man watches from behind a palmetto. Ebony skin glistening, a girl dances into the swamp and down a narrow trail. The young man bars her way. He breathes heavily. She runs toward a tributary of the Atchafalaya River. The young man has been warned to keep away from this tributary because it is a mire of treacherous quicksand.

He follows her.

On the bank of the river they struggle. He trips over a cypress root. With a supple gracefulness the girl pushes him into the dark waters. She watches as the quicksand sucks him down. His desperate screams for help turn into pathetic gurgles. His clutching hand sinks beneath the surface.

The formerly unemployed Negroes, having roused themselves into a frenzy of revenge, approach the Doctor's house. Before they can reach the swimming pool they are met by the Doctor's henchman. He threatens them with a club. They set upon the henchman and cut his throat. The Doctor hears the slicing sounds and steps out of his laboratory. Brenda follows. One of the formerly unemployed Negroes raises a rifle and fires at the Doctor. He is not a good shot. The bullet ricochets harmlessly off Brenda.

John Agar awakes.

The Doctor remains calm, although the right corner of his mouth twitches, indicating possible repression of strong emotion.

"Get them, Brenda," he orders.

Brenda, nearly bulletproof and able to breathe underwater, advances on the cowering Negroes.

She has the build of a Nicholls State linebacker. She is dressed in a medical smock. Her face is round and dark green. She has ping-pong ball eyes. Her claws menace. The formerly unemployed Negroes are fear-stricken.

John Agar throws back his army blanket and leaps from the cot on which he has been sleeping. He is dressed in a safari suit. His combat boots show little sign of wear. He runs unsteadily outside to witness strange and terrible events.

The Doctor's wife has escaped from her cell. She stares at Brenda. Her eyes are twin pools of disgust.

"Brenda," she screams, "look at yourself. You're—you're—a hag!"

There is no other word for it.

Brenda holds her claws up to her ping-pong balls. She stares at the long, jagged nails and the green, pockmarked fingers. She turns her claws in the air, examining them from every angle. Her face, such as it is, is a symphony of despair. She turns toward the Doctor. He knows the game is up, but he is no faint-heart.

"You will obey me, Brenda," he says. "I have made you all you are today."

Brenda rips out his throat. She lifts his body into her arms, walks onto the diving board of the swimming pool and feeds him to the waiting alligators. After a last, sad look at the ruined body she now inhabits, she follows the Doctor into the pool. Her swan dive is as beautiful as she once was.

John Agar sways slightly. He listens to the gnashing of alligator jaws.

In Frenchy's bar, Frenchy is polishing whiskey glasses. Brenda sits at the bar wheedling a customer into having another drink. The customer wants to return to his room. He pushes Brenda aside despite her offer of a good time. He walks out of the bar.



Frenchy reaches for the telephone.

In a cheap motel room, Johnny ransacks a suitcase. The telephone rings. Before Johnny can answer it, the customer from the bar opens the door and walks in. Johnny's explanation for his activities is unsatisfactory. Johnny and the customer struggle. Johnny uses a large knife to stab the customer to death.

Brenda and Frenchy enter the room.

"What have you done, you fool?" asks Brenda.
"We'll never find the oil now."

Brenda is a hard case, but she is not stupid. She looks through the dead man's papers and concocts a plan. It is a good one. Simple plans often are. A letter in the man's suitcase has told her that the man's partner, a geologist who was to have assisted him in his search for oil, is expected to arrive at any moment. Brenda will tell the geologist that she is the dead man's wife. She will explain her husband's absence by saying that he has been called away on a sudden business trip. She and Johnny will then accompany the geologist on his trip into the swamp in search of oil. Frenchy will dispose of the body.

"The swamp tells no tales," he says to her.

John Agar enters Frenchy's bar in search of his partner. He is surprised by what Brenda tells him. His partner has never gone on a business trip with so little notice. Nor has he ever mentioned a wife. John Agar wants to call the whole thing off. The swamp is no place for a woman. Brenda convinces him that she has led a hard life and knows how to survive under difficult conditions.

John Agar organizes a trip into the swamp. He rents a boat. He buys canned food, aluminum cooking utensils and sleeping bags. Frenchy recommends a guide. Brenda and Johnny will round out the crew.

The guide and Johnny confer at the boat dock.

"I wonder what it's like out in that swamp," the guide says. "I don't know if I can find my way in or out."

"Many men have gone into that swamp," Johnny assures him, "but not many have returned."

John Agar and his party set forth. He stands in the prow of the boat, watching for surface indications of oil. There are none.

On the shore formerly unemployed Negroes from Morgan City watch and wait. They communicate with the Doctor's henchman by drum.

Deep in the swamp an experiment is in progress. The Doctor is assembling a swamp creature from bodies brought to him by his henchman. The Doctor's hands plunge into a coffin filled with water and dry ice. Thick white fog bubbles over the edges of the coffin. A claw reaches out of the murk.

"They called me mad," says the Doctor to his assistant, a Tulane medical student on his spring break. "And now I have created a new life form."

The Doctor stares into the murky depths. The corner of his mouth twitches.

"Get up my creature," he says. "You are my masterpiece. You can breathe underwater and you are nearly bulletproof."

The Tulane medical student babbles about the laws of God and Nature. The swamp creature coughs. It has developed a serious catarrh. It dies gurgling.

The Doctor is only momentarily discouraged.

"What I need," he says to himself, "is someone young enough not to be susceptible to these cool night airs."

He wraps the creature in a white sheet and feeds it to the alligators in his swimming pool.

John Agar is lost. He and his party have abandoned the boat and are afoot in the swamp where they have camped for the night under a pine tree.

John Agar lies on the ground on top of his sleeping bag. Brenda speaks to him about the magic of oil. Voodoo drums beat an uneasy tattoo in the night. The surface indications remain unpromising.

The Doctor works late in his laboratory. His wife begs to be let out of her cell but he has no time for her complaints. His new swamp creature, though young and of a scientific bent, is no more immune to colds than the last. The alligators feast again.

The Doctor's henchman wants to tell him something. The drums speak of white men and a woman in the swamp. The Doctor orders the visitors brought to him. He allows his wife out of her cell to make finger sandwiches and to serve scotch to John Agar. He warns her to say nothing of his work.

John Agar and his party arrive. The Doctor's wife invites them into the living room where they seat themselves around a coffee table. After refreshments and small talk, they get down to business.

"You are searching for oil?" asks the Doctor.
"How do you do that without any equipment?"

"It's not easy," says John Agar.

The Doctor does not press the subject.

Brenda mentions that she seldom suffers from colds, despite the cool nights in the swamp.

Johnny says he would like to take a look around the Doctor's property.

"Please stay away from the river," says the Doctor. "It is a mire of treacherous quicksand."

Johnny leaves the room.

Voodoo drums echo softly through the Spanish moss.

"You're probably tired after such a trip," says the Doctor, looking at John Agar. The geologist pours himself a stiff drink.

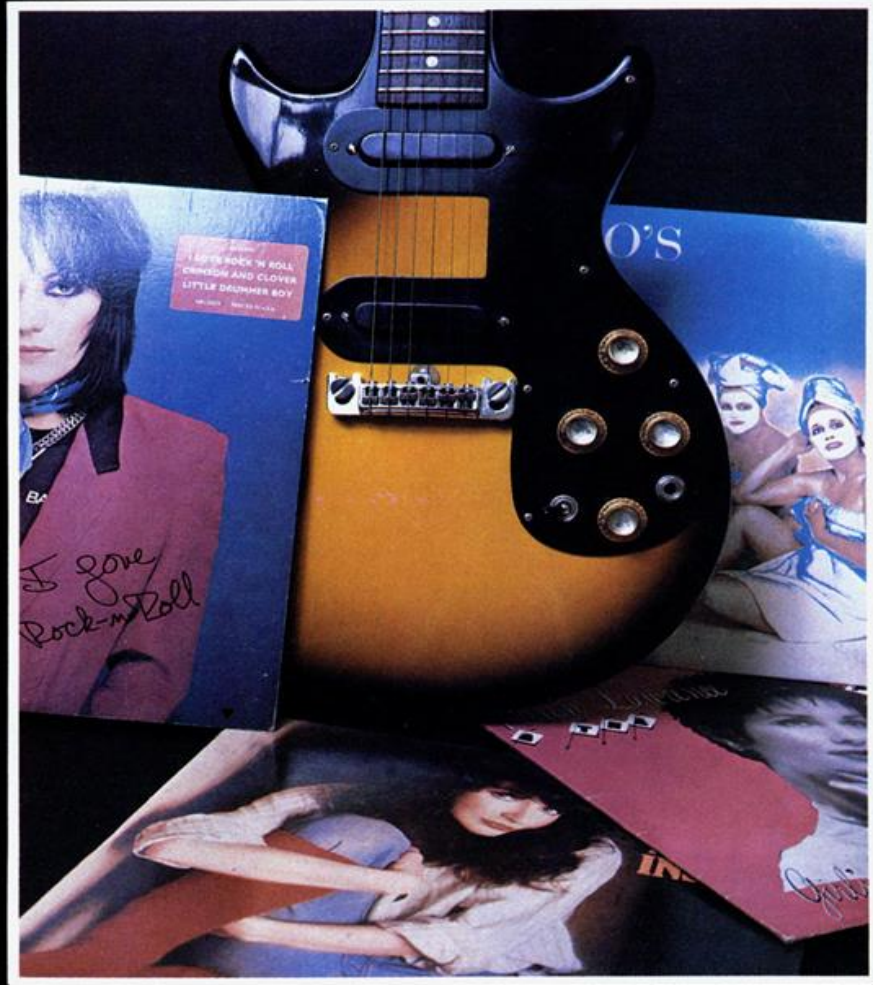
The Doctor's wife tries to whisper something to Brenda. The Doctor's henchman takes her unresisting back to her cell.

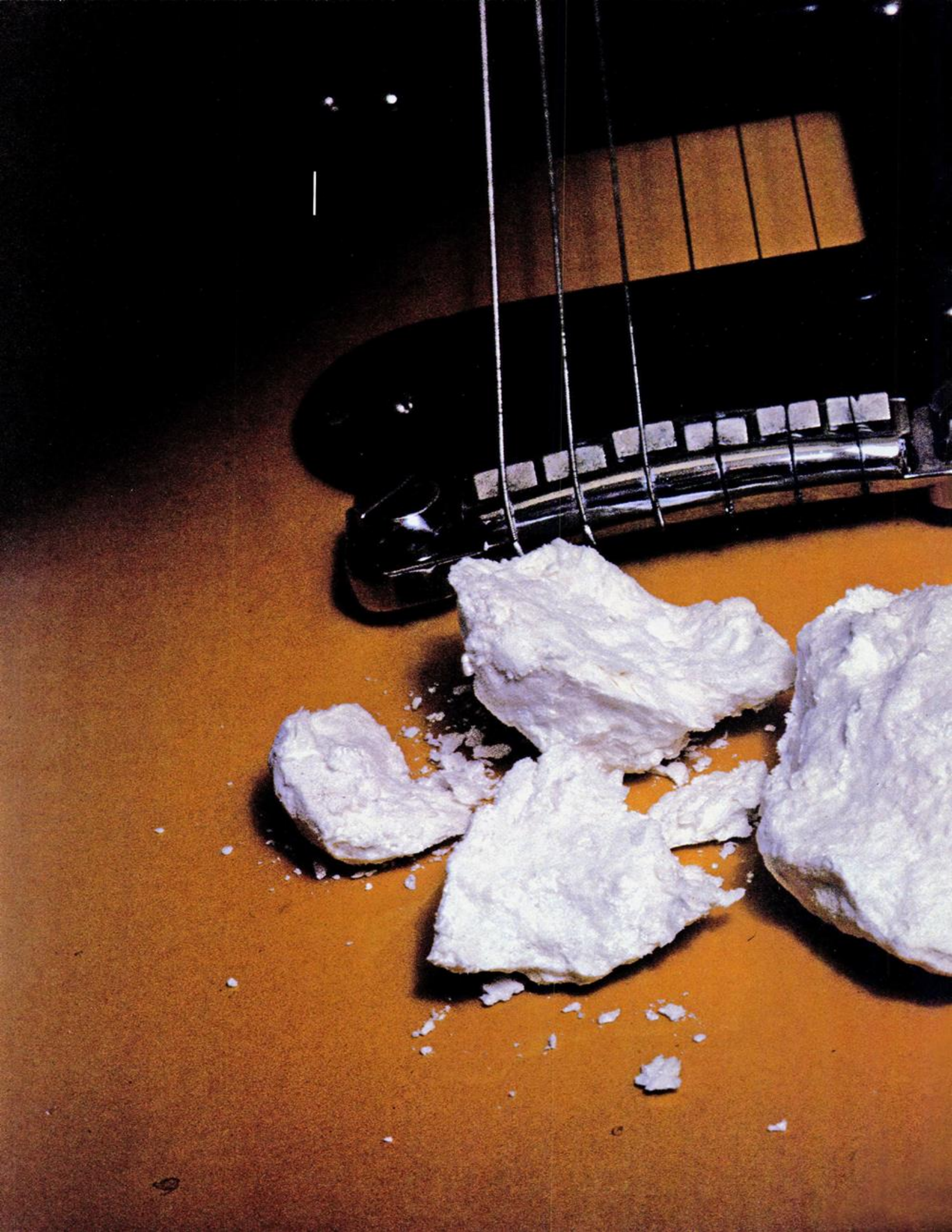
"She is not well you know," says the Doctor.

John Agar finishes his drink and goes to his room. He lies down on the cot and covers himself with the army blanket. Brenda and the Doctor remain for a chat.

John Agar sleeps. □

ROCK ME, BABY







CLONING YOUR CROP

An age-old method of plant propagation has recently been adapted to the particular needs of America's leading underground cash crop. Perfected in Amsterdam, this new technique has gleaned astonishing results—not to mention bushier and more potent plants.

Propagation through cuttings is an age-old method that has always been hit or miss when it comes to marijuana, because marijuana generally does not like to take root in this manner. Recently, more elaborate methods have been devised that make a high success ratio (90–95 percent) possible. It has also become popular to refer to this method as cloning.

During a recent trip to Amsterdam, where the police have a funny out-of-sight, out-of-mind attitude about marijuana in general and growing in particular, I saw a large cloning operation and want to pass on some of the info to you.

The Dutch are very fond of hydroponics, and the systems I saw were all indoors and hydroponic. This does not mean that a soil grower cannot take advantage of the benefits of cloning.

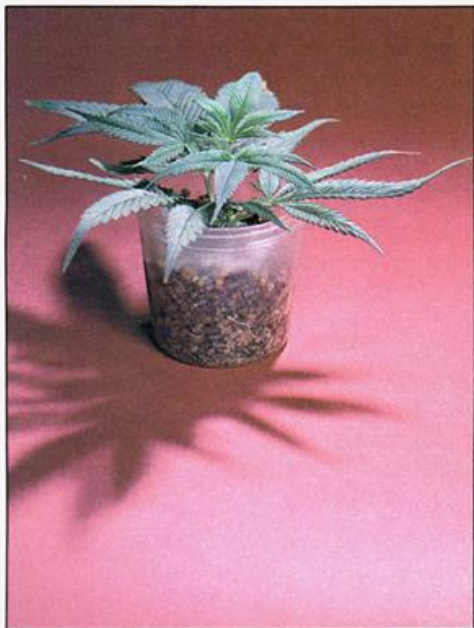
Amusingly enough, the methods and solutions they were using came from the good ol' U.S. of A., California to be precise, found in a product called the Klone Kit.

Actually, cloning is a misnomer that has become a popular name for propagation through cuttings. What is so great about cuttings? For one thing, you can grow a genetic duplicate of the parent plant, so that if you have a terrific female, you can have a repeat performance via a cutting. By knowing ahead of time what your plant will be, you eliminate the need to presex.

Ordinarily, presexing is done through the manipulation of the photoperiod: you cut the light cycle back to 10 hours, tricking the plant into believing that winter is on its way and the plant goes into bloom. Once the plant "declares" itself, the males are eliminated, the photoperiod put back to 18 hours and the remaining females have to scram-



Photography • Cole Steven



ble to get back into a vegetative cycle. This process takes two to three weeks and can traumatize the plants. Indica is particularly resentful of such treatment and can either bonsai (dwarf), or refuse to go back to a vegetative cycle and continue to bloom even though it is too small and too young.

By using a cutting, you eliminate all those problems. You can presex by proxy:

Start by taking a cutting from each plant you wish to determine. Label the parent plant and the cutting, so that you will be certain which cutting is from which plant. In the case of the cutting, affix the label to the growing cup itself.

Once your cuttings have developed a root structure and are beginning to grow (two sets of leaves are quite sufficient for this purpose), place them in an area where they will receive only 10 hours of light per day. You do not need to place them under halides or sodiums. Fluorescent grow lights will be enough.

As soon as the cutting has declared its sex, you will know what the parent plant is and can remove anything that is a male. Since this can be done when the parent plant is still very young, you will not have a problem of massive root systems to worry about, or having to move large plants in order to space them properly.

The cuttings you use for presexing do not need to be thrown away. Even though the yield will be tiny, why waste? Let the buds grow till they are mature. You will have a single bud per plant, which should keep you happy un-

til the motherlode comes in. Make sure you keep these buds on tap in a room where they get only 10 hours of light through their entire budding cycle.

Cuttings which will be used for the second crop should be taken when the parent plant is beginning to go into bloom. At this point you have six to eight weeks before a final harvest. Pick your cutting with care, using a healthy end shoot, and allow it to develop a root structure. In this instance you have to keep the cutting in an 18-hour photocycle. Once it is well established, you can keep it growing in the original cup for two or three weeks more. As the cloning solution evaporates, be sure to give the young plant a good hydroponic nutrient so that you do not stunt its growth. Should your parent crop take longer to harvest than anticipated, you should move your cuttings out of the little cups and into a bed of hydroponic medium. Do not use gravel or lava rock at this point, because it is heavy and can tear the delicate roots of the young plant. Keep the cuttings well fed. You can go on like this for another three to four weeks, which should give plenty

of time for the parent crop to come in.

Before you transplant the cuttings into your system, make certain that everything has been cleaned out and that all traces of the last crop have been removed. This eliminates problems with fungus, bacteria and pests. Bleach is an excellent cleanser. Use it full strength, but have proper ventilation or you will get sick from the fumes.

One of the things that people have been finding, is that with a cutting, the stem is much shorter and the branches start very close to the soil line. The plants also tend to be very bushy.

To date I have not found a drop in potency in the cuttings. In fact, recent studies done in France using the more elaborate in vitro cloning (true cloning from a cell) have shown that future generations of clones actually have an increase in their potency.

What I saw in Holland was truly impressive. The photos give you an idea of the setup. Their operation was rather large, and they were not about to mess around with a system that did not produce for them. Large or small, Holland or Humboldt, cloning is the way of the future. □



Dear Ed:

I have two questions. What size pots should be used to grow full-size indoor plants? Should dead and dying leaves and lower leaves be trimmed from the plant?

—W.

Alice, Tex.

The root system serves the plant in several ways. It holds it upright, so that the plant is in the proper position to take advantage of the sun; it also supplies the plant with water and water-soluble nutrients. The size of the root system increases when the roots have a hard time finding enough moisture. Under good conditions, where the root system is in contact with ample amounts of water, it will not be as large. However, containers which are too confining will inhibit the growth of the root system and subsequently of the plant itself. Containers smaller than five gallons (three gallons hydro) inhibit plant growth above four or five feet. The plants will grow, but not as quickly, and they won't fill out as much. Large plants in small containers also require more attention. The amount of water and nutrient available to the roots is limited by the small mass and must be replenished often.

Second question. When a leaf loses its green color while it is still on the plant, it indicates that various minerals are being returned to the plant stem. When the process is complete, the leaf dehydrates and is eventually removed from the plant by wind or other environmental forces. While it is dying it is more likely to be attacked by insects or other predators.

It is a good idea to remove leaves once they turn yellow. Dead leaves and branches should also be removed. Lower leaves which are green are net producers of food for the plant and should remain on the plant.

Dear Ed:

How long can you keep on cloning before the plant changes or dies of senility?

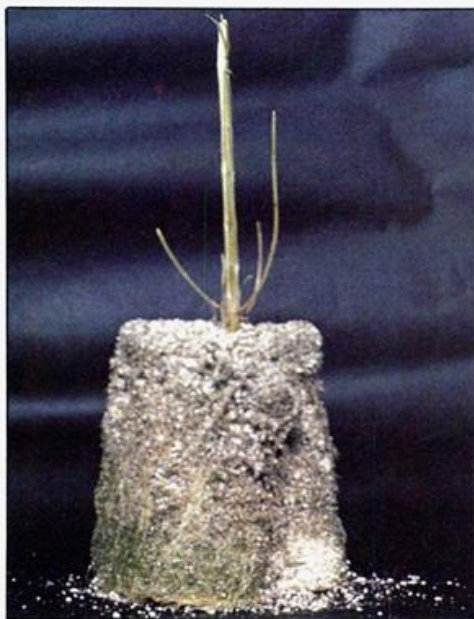
—W.M.

Orlando, Fla.

Each time a plant is cloned, the cutting behaves as if it were a new plant. There is no degradation of the genetic material and no change of the plant's characteristics.

Dear Ed:

I am surprised at the number of growers who have never heard of nor tried air lay-



ering instead of taking cuttings. With indica strains being so good for homegrowing and so hard to come by, air layering is an important technique to learn. Here's my method:

- 1.) Support branch to be rooted, using thin stick. Use branches that have at least two nodes plus top and are at least one-eighth inch in diameter.
- 2.) Make long slit through middle of stem, spread halves apart (carefully!) and paint all surfaces with Rootone powder, using a small dry paint brush.
- 3.) Stuff a small amount of peat moss or a vermiculite/perlite/peat moss mix into the cut. All you really want to do is hold the cut open.
- 4.) Cut a two-inch square off a Baggie corner. Notice that this makes a small pocket with two flaps. Cut off one flap, making an envelope. Fill with peat or mix and cover stuffed cut, using tape to close. Be sure before fastening closed that the peat covers the branch all the way around. It doesn't matter if you have to include the support stick inside the envelope and peat; it is still easy to slide out after rooting.
- 5.) Wet all peat inside envelope. An eyedropper works well. Keep wet throughout the rooting process. The fungicide in the Rootone keeps things from rotting. Sufficient rooting to cut branch and plant directly should occur within two weeks.

Hope you find this useful. Now, here's my question: What is the best time to trim sun leaves?

—Jim

Rockville, Conn.

Sun leaves are little food factories that supply the plant with sugars produced during photosynthesis. When the leaves are removed the plant does not produce as much food and the growth rate slows. They should be removed only as the buds mature, and only for the purpose of opening the inside of the plant to the light. As the buds mature, many varieties of marijuana shed their leaves. Leaf drop can also be induced near maturity by withholding nitrogen. The plant withdraws it from the old leaves and channels it to the new growth. The old leaf turns yellow and drops.

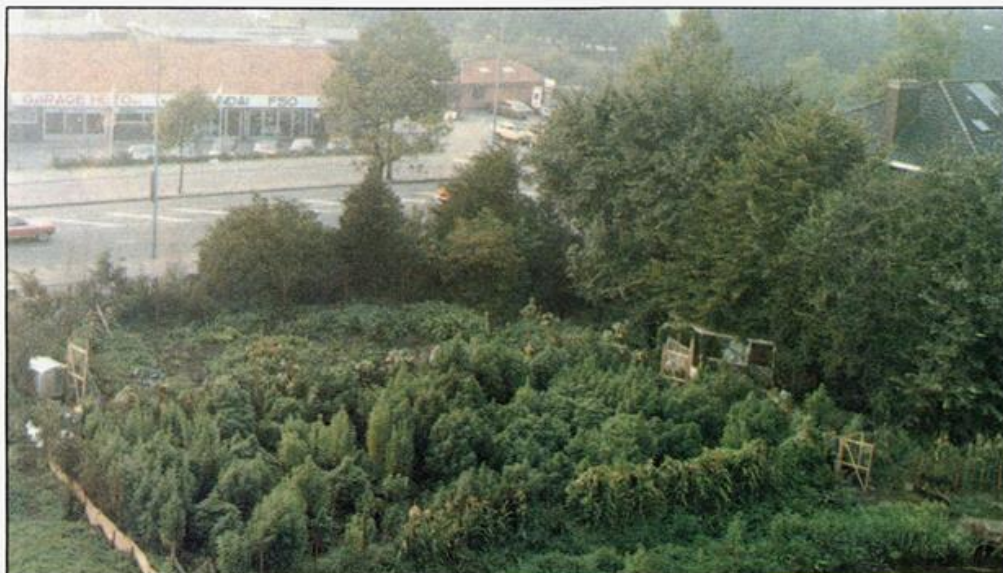
Photos of root system of 5½' plant grown in 1½-gallon plastic bag and tray, using vermiculite/perlite mix. Top left: Plant stamen container. Water was delivered from the top when the tray dried out. Center: Root system with bag removed. Bottom left: Medium removed. Root system a little too pot-bound.



Photo of air layering, as described by Jim.



Bud of the Month. Looks like Mexican to me. Submitted by G.G., Berkeley, Calif.



Garden of the Month: the suburbs of Amsterdam. Submitted by Wernard of the Lowland Seed Company, Holland. Notice the shapes of the different varieties. There is real decriminalization in the Netherlands.

Dear Ed:

What is the difference between sativa, indica and ruderalis?

*—Name withheld
Eagle Point, Oreg.*

Cannabis is usually classified as one species, since the morphology, chemistry and growth characteristics of all cannabis is similar. In addition, all cannabis can be crossbred and will develop viable offspring. Often plants from differing but related species do not produce viable offspring.

Over the years hundreds of thousands of varieties and subvarieties have developed, both by breeding and by the plant's natural adaption to its environment. They fall into at least three broad categories: sativa, indica and ruderalis, all of which some researchers describe as subspecies.

Sativas are usually tall plants, over six feet, with extensive branching, long thin leaves and a sweet, mild aroma. Potency ranges from extremely high to virtually no THC. They include Mexican, African, Colombian and American hemp and most Himalayan plants.

Indica varieties are short plants, usually no taller than six feet. They have wide-webbed leaves and are often purplish-shaded or colored on stem, leaves or buds. They exhibit less branching than sativas. Indica plants have distinctive aromas, which range from fruitlike to pungent to skunky to dense and acrid. The indica high has been described as intense, heavy and laid back.

Ruderalis is described as a semi-wild variety that grows on the Russian steppes. It is from one to four feet tall and has little branching. Potency is low. Ruderalis plants are very rare in the United States, and their value to growers is as a gene pool for hybridizing or developing a new strain.

Dear Ed:

What can be done, short of destroying male plants, to prevent pollination of female herb?

*—Name withheld
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Male plants should be removed from the garden. Indoors, they should be kept in a separate room. Outdoors they should be cultivated in an area downwind and at least 100 yards away from the females.

/ continued on page 96

THIS BUG COULD DESTROY YOUR BUSINESS!!

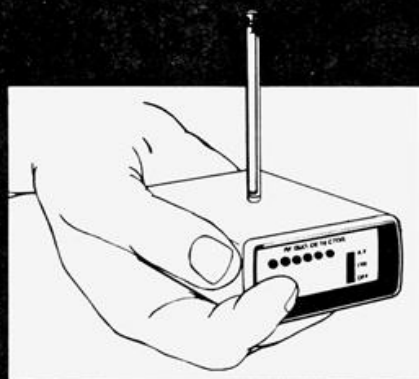
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THE LIVING HISTORY OF WAYNE NEWTON

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN ©1983

NOT TOO LONG AGO, IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA, WAS BORN A REMARKABLE BOY, WHO WAS DESTINED TO ENTERTAIN THE DICKENS OUT OF THE WORLD.

I GOT BIG-TIME DREAMS, BUT SCHMALL TOWN WAYS. LORD, LEMME SEE THAT SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

BUT THAT SHENANDOAH VALLEY GAVE THE CHILD ASTHMA, SO HIS FAMILY MOVED TO ARIZONA, THE BETTER TO NURTURE HIS SPELLBINDING VOCAL TALENT. IN THE EARLY 50'S HE WAS SIGNED TO HIS OWN LOCAL TV SHOW.



THE BOY'S BODY GREW FASTER THAN HIS HEAD, INDEED TO HULKING PROPORTIONS. HE TOURED WITH HIS OLDER BROTHER JERRY AS A DUO. THE NEWTON BROTHERS EVEN WORKED WEEKENDS, WITH FIRST SHOWS AT 11.



IT WAS WAYNE WHO FOLLOWED THAT SPOTLIGHT, FIGHTING FOR EVERY INCH OF FAME. IN '59, HE BEGAN A FIVE-YEAR "GIG" AT THE FREEMONT HOTEL LOUNGE IN VEGAS. HIS "OLD PRO" SHOWMANSHIP SENT AGED FOLKS HOGWILD!



PUBLIC REACTION TO WAYNE'S TV APPEARANCES IN '62 WAS OVERWHELMING. BOBBY DARIN GRABBED HIM UP, BECAME HIS MANAGER AND PITCHED THE RISING STAR TO CAPITOL RECORDS.



AT 6'3", SOUNDING LIKE BRENDA LEE WITH A LISP, AND SPORTING YOUNG LESBIAN LOOKS, HOW COULD HE MISS? THE DARIN-PRODUCED "DANKE SCHOEN" SOLD SO MANY DISCS, PEOPLE MUST HAVE BEEN DUNKING THEM IN THEIR COFFEE.



CONFUSED BY THE BRITISH INVASION—MUCH OF WHICH DEBUTED ON HIS SHOW—ED SULLIVAN GOT HOPELESSLY CAUGHT UP IN THAT NEWTON GROOVE WHENEVER WAYNE GUESTED.



BUT OLD-SCHOOL ENTERTAINERS HELD DEAR THIS YOUTHFUL SYMBOL OF DECENCY. IN A TIME WHEN THE KIDS HAD CLEARLY GONE BERSERK, THEY ALL WANTED HIM AS SECOND BILL. WAYNE NEWTON ALWAYS BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE, YET POSED NO THREAT OF BECOMING A HEADLINER.



WAYNE JUST ENTERTAINED THE LIVIN' SHIT OUT OF HIS AUDIENCES. HE NEVER ONCE RESORTED TO DIRT.



HE COULD BELT OUT A SWING NUMBER, CARESS A BALLAD, AND STRUM THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF A BANJO. NOT TO MENTION HIS MASTERY OVER 10 OTHER INSTRUMENTS.

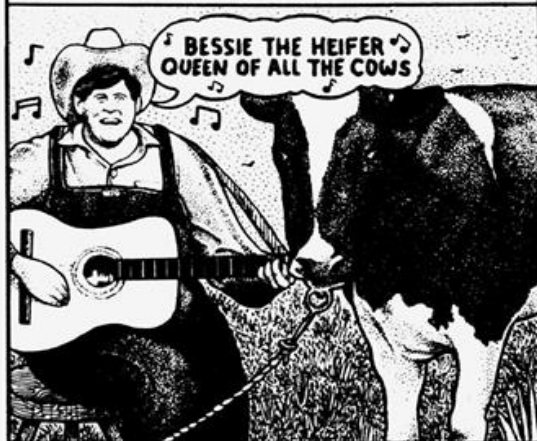
WAYNE SANG HIS HEART OUT FOR AN ENTIRE GENERATION GAP. BUT AS HE FORGED ON THROUGH ALBUMS, CLUB DATES AND TV SHOWS, A CRUEL BACKLASH BEGAN. HE BECAME A SHOW-BIZ JOKE, THE BUTT OF UGLY GENDER REMARKS WHICH SLURRED HIS MASCULINITY.



BEHIND THAT ON-STAGE SPARKLE WAS A BITTER REALIZATION THAT HIS STARDOM WAS SLIPPING. HE REGRETTED SEVERAL EMBARRASSING GUEST SHOTS ON THE LUCY SHOW.

BUT WAYNE WAS STILL A HUMAN BEING. HE LEFT FOR NAM TO ENTERTAIN TROOPS IN '66, WHEN MORALE WAS GETTING LOW.

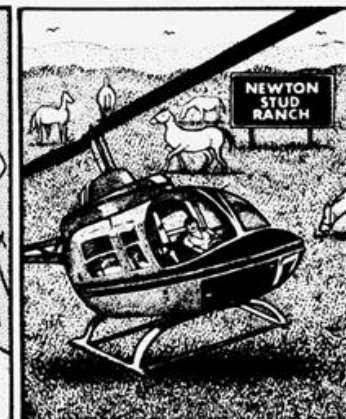
NO LONGER AT ODDS WITH THE YOUTH CULTURE, WAYNE DUMPED HIS "NOSTALGIC THROWBACK" REPERTOIRE. HE REALLY GOT WITH IT, ADOPTING A MID-60'S VOCABULARY IN THE EARLY 70'S.



DEJECTED, 100 POUNDS OVERWEIGHT, AND WITH A RUDDERLESS CAREER, HE HAD ONLY ONE PLACE TO TURN: LAS VEGAS, HIS SPIRITUAL HOMETOWN. UPON HIS RETURN, WAYNE HAD THE STRANGEST ENCOUNTER WITH HOWARD HUGHES.

UNDER HUGHES' SPONSORSHIP, HOTELS BID FURIOUSLY FOR NEWTON'S TALENTS. "DADDY DON'T YOU WALK SO FAST" TOPPED THE CHARTS. WAYNE PARLAYED THIS SUCCESS INTO A CAMPAIGN TO CHANGE HIS IMAGE. HE BEGAN BODYBUILDING WITH STEVE REEVES.

HE TOILED HIS WAY TO A KARATE BLACK BELT, AND MASTERED THE MANLY ART OF PILOTING HELICOPTERS. HE ACQUIRED WORLD-CLASS ARABIAN HORSE STABLES, AND DATED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD.



AND ANY WISEGUYS WHO WEREN'T AWARE OF THIS UNPRECEDENTED SHOW-BIZ TRANSFORMATION—NO MATTER WHO THEY WERE—WAYNE TOOK CARE OF HIMSELF.

HE BECAME INSTEAD, THE SEXIEST, MOST EXCITING MAN IN THE WORLD. THE TOP-DRAWING SHOWMAN IN THE TOUGHEST TOWN IN THE WEST, VEGAS SOUL PERSONIFIED. THE MID-NIGHT IDOL, LADIES & GENTLEMEN, MR. WAYNE NEWTON!

YET WAYNE WAS HAUNTED BY A FORCE HE COULD NOT EXPLAIN.



WAYNE NEWTON WAS NOT A WAYNE NEWTON JOKE ANYMORE.

IRONICALLY, WAYNE'S CAREER RESEMBLED THE REVERSE ROUTE OF ELVIS'—THE TWO SCHMOOZED PRIVATELY IN THE SUPERSTAR SANCTUAMS OF VEGAS.



THE NEWTON ENTOURAGE BECAME THE FIRST FAMILY OF VEGAS. THEY EVEN SWORE HE COULD CURE DISEASES WITH HIS VOICE—WHICH INCIDENTALLY DROPPED AN OCTAVE OR TWO.



THE PROSPECT OF WAYNE PLAYING TO AN EMPTY SEAT BECAME SHEER IMPOSSIBILITY. MOBS WERE TURNED AWAY AT EACH OF HIS 504 THREE-HOUR PERFORMANCES PER YEAR.



HE WAS A MASTER OF MIKE TECHNIQUE AND SEXUAL INNUENDO, WHO COULD CHUCKLE BETWEEN A BEAT OR FADE OUT A VIBRATO. AMONG THE LUCKY FEW MILLION WHO GOT INTO "THE SHOW" WERE FANATICS WHO RETURNED NIGHTLY FOR A WHIFF OF WAYNE'S PACO RABANNE COLOGNE.



WAYNE BECAME THE RICHEST VEGAS POWER BROKER SINCE HOWARD HUGHES, THE FIRST ENTERTAINER TO EVER ACQUIRE A VEGAS HOTEL. BUT WAS HE REALLY HAPPY?



HE STILL FOUGHT FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE LITTLE GUY. ANY NEVADA CITIZEN, FROM STREET HOOKERS TO THE GOVERNOR, WOULD RISE UP TO DEFEND LAS VEGAS FAVORITE SON. HE EVEN GAVE PRIVATE SHOWS FOR WORKERS AT THREE A.M.



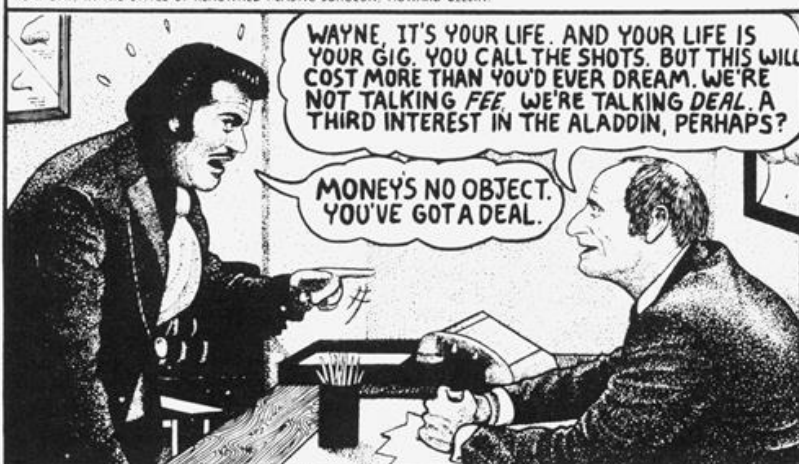
A GRASS ROOTS MOVEMENT TO RUN WAYNE FOR SENATE WAS UNSTOPPABLE, AND HE BECAME A SHOO-IN TO PLAY ERROL FLYNN, HIS LIFELONG DREAM. HE EVEN ADVANCED NEVADA'S ARCHAEOLOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE. YET HE STILL FELT HAUNTED.



WAYNE'S SECURITY NET, MASSIVE TO BEGIN WITH, BEGAN TO RIVAL A PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE. INDEED, SOMETHING WAS TEARING HIM UP INSIDE!



NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF RENOWNED PLASTIC SURGEON, HOWARD BELLIN.



ONE WEEK LATER.



MAJOON: GOBLET OF DREAMS

A head-candy made from powdered hemp, honey, fruit and nuts, majoon is the Arab in the street's choice for a quick pick-me-up and an all-day-long hallucination. by Ira Cohen

Majoon, majoun, ma'jun... how soft the word is, how full of magic and jinn, how dark to the imagination! Majoon is the Arabic word for jam, but here in Morocco and all through the Islamic world, everyone knows that it is a special confection with Indian hemp, or *kif*, as its main ingredient. In Morocco it is still as commonplace as fruitcake in England or angel-food cake in the United States. It is usually taken on festive occasions or in the wintertime, when it keeps you warm through the long Moroccan nights; but any time you feel like traveling, or crave some instant magic theater, all you have to do is find your favorite majoon seller and Open sesame! All doors fall down and you are off on a voyage with no turning back.

Eating majoon is like night diving. You descend into unknown depths surrounded by hundreds of shining eyes. Everything is underwater and slow motion. Is that a squid I have in my hand, or is it the head of Medusa turning me to stone? Majoon embeds you in black tar while you glow like sapphires or you leave your body behind and soar through the air, holding on for dear life to the long braid of your jinni.

The effects of majoon are like those of smoking *kif* or marijuana, but stronger and more commonly hallucinogenic, building up gradually in waves and often culminating in oceans of laughter. You wonder where you are or why everything is so strange, like, you never saw your hand before or heard the cry of the muezzin floating over the city. It may take anywhere from 20 minutes to an hour or more before the majoon takes over, before you realize what has happened, and can last for as long as 24 hours. A *lumière* unwinds in your head, or suddenly a café on the edge of a cliff takes off and sails through the stars. Rooms contract and expand and somewhere from your own most secret places there is a babble of voices made up of old memories and hidden desires ask-

ing you to surrender. Each gesture is eternal, for time has nothing to do with metronomes, and minutes have become hours or even centuries. You can feel your heart beating faster and you want something to drink, since your mouth is incredibly dry, or you feel ravenously hungry and can eat for hours on end sampling one taste after another. But sometimes, especially if you eat too much majoon, you may sleep your voyage away.

The Moorish women, although they very rarely smoke *kif* as almost all the men do, like a nice piece of majoon now and then. It makes them dreamy and sensual, though they say that it makes them want to take off all their clothes and run naked through the streets. But that is the way it is. Sometimes you draw donkey ears, other times it is a command performance between stars and half-spoken wishes.

Remember Sabu's ruby in *The Thief of Bagdad* in which anything and everything could be seen, and how it exploded into a million flickering pieces and him falling and falling until he landed among the tents of the Wise Men who called him Prince? Majoon is for dreaming, and anyone could be turned into a dog or a bird just like that. Once in Marrakesh I remember a gold-turbaned storyteller sitting on a faded rug from which the beauties of the hammam looked out. He flips sheets of colored papers—Noah's ark loaded with golden lions, ibis, jeweled serpents, pink stallions, swords cleaving heads in two, blood dripping red all over onto the ground. Eggs materialize in thin air. Everyone has eyes. An Arab midget does a trance dance to ouds, drums and flutes; whirls, stumbles drunkenly and falls down. A crowd begins to gather around the storyteller as the sun sinks below the horizon and the red city of Marrakesh is glowing like an ember.

There in the Djemaa-el-Fna, it is the same as it has been for many centuries, and the Thousand and One Nights hap-

pened just yesterday, are still happening all around you, while there in the center of colors the storyteller unfolds his tale of the miraculous Aladdin who was conceived in majoon. "Yes, by Allah, this is the best majoon! It will cure you of all your ills, bring you laughter, thicken your seed! *Buy it for your husbands! Buy it for your wives!*" He pulls out of his sleeve one of his bonbons, holding it up for everyone to see, and there is a shuffle of yellow slippers as the crowd presses forward.

The white-humped Atlas holds up the sky like a great carnival tent and all around there is the bustle of people at twilight on their way home through a sea of Genouas, monkeys, pickpockets, sailing corpses, scattered teeth, 738 bicycles threading the eye of a needle, coming out on the other side, which is Marrakesh. And somewhere above it all you can see Negro acrobats in baggy red-and-green suits describing theorems of geometry in the orange air. Dig the imagery! Watch as the last sheets fall from his hands—jinn, afreets, demons all around under the power as Suleiman sits golden above the kingdom of beasts. So you step right past the porcupine quills wrapped in old anatomy charts, past burning frankincense and copal, and you cop a stick of majoon from a large brass tray. The magic numbers, the sword of Suleiman, scorpions and serpents, circles, stars and pentagrams are all yours for only *khamisin* francs or one thin dime. An old wizened Arab plugs into Allah's switchboard with a one-way toy telephone and boy dancers do their bumps and grinds, while off at the side a trayful of goat heads looks coldly on the scene.

The ordinary majoon sold in the marketplace usually comes in the form of greenish black or brown sticks about the size of your thumb and is of a gummy or pastelike consistency. There are many different kinds of majoon, and the quality and appearance vary, naturally, with the recipe used. The most impor-



tant ingredient is, of course, *kif*, or hemp, and it is best to use only the gum or resin of the plant—sometimes called *chira* or *charas* by North Africans and hash by foreigners—or the powdered buds and flowers when this is not available. The outer leaves, stalks and seeds, which are commonly discarded when the *kif* is prepared for smoking, are often used in the making of majoon, but may leave you with a throbbing headache, although local songbirds seem to thrive on a diet of seeds. Some of the best majoon is made by boiling the *kif*, stalks and all, with butter for many hours, so that the cannabis, or active principle of the hemp plant, is absorbed by the butter, which can then be used in any recipe you like.

The traditional majoon is made from powdered hemp, honey, fruit, nuts and spices and often contains *samin*, or rancid butter. Sometimes other ingredients may be added to give a particular effect, such as cantharides (Spanish fly), *datura* or stramonium, opium or poppy seeds, some pounded lizard (still considered an aphrodisiac) or any other of the countless powders and herbs sold in the magic shops of Morocco. *Datura*, a long, trumpet-shaped white flower with a heavy fragrance, which grows all over Morocco, is not really to be recommended, since it is considered a poison and is more likely to be employed for purposes of revenge than pleasure. Stramonium is a hallucinogenic and has always been a key ingredient in preparations involving sorcery and black magic, but extreme care should be exercised. It is probably more suitable for a Walpurgis Night than an Arabian one, and if too much is used, you will be spending all your time in long conversations with chairs or electric-lamp cords, and falling through walls or down stairs.

Cantharides is often used in majoon and helps to account for its reputation as an erotic electuary, but even without cantharides or other aphrodisiacs like soft amber, majoon, if it is properly made, will set the stage for a night of houris and exotic delights, for Allah is all-merciful and will provide endless orgasm in paradise. The scarabs or cantharides beetles are of a brilliant metallic hue in the shape of a death's head—blue, green or gold, the gold bugs more highly valued than the others, as Edgar Allan Poe certainly knew.

Getting together the perfect majoon in Morocco would take you on a tour of the whole country to find the best of each ingredient—Taroudant for the gold bug, the mountain caves of Xauen

for 75-year-old honey, the magic shops of Marrakesh for *jduq jmel* (small black seeds probably containing scopolamine) the Sahara for its specially strong *gouza*, or nutmeg. In fact, these ingredients alone could be used to make quite a powerful majoon without any *kif* at all. An Arab magician I once knew used to claim that he could make even stronger majoon without *kif*, only herbs, he said, very old recipe from Fez. In Marrakesh, with luck you may find the fabled white *kif* cookies or *ghrebiya*, which would pass anywhere as ordinary Girl Scout cookies, but would leave any Girl Scout flat on her back.

Once a psychiatrist vacationing in Morocco ate a great deal of majoon at my house, and after looking for a while at the brightly colored tiled floors and walls which began to revolve slowly around him like a giant kaleidoscope, he said, smiling, "Yes, I can see why you live here," and helped himself to some more. Unfortunately, he ended up by fleeing the country the next day, afraid that if he stayed any longer he would never be able to return to his patients in America. Another psychiatrist who turned up once got a terrible case of the horrors after trying some majoon and began to scream that he had been poisoned. Despite all efforts to calm him, he insisted on having his stomach pumped at a local hospital in Tangier.

Majoon is not only useful for scaring psychiatrists; it is also excellent for taming savage lions. Once upon a time, when lions used to roam the Atlas mountains, there was one lion so vicious that it terrorized an entire village, attacking its inhabitants even in broad daylight. The people of the village, unable to capture or kill this lion, finally took their problem to an old man who was well known to them as an *enchaioui*, a man who has devoted his entire life to the enjoyment of *kif*. After listening to what they had to say, he promised to help them, but first he asked that they bring him 100 kilos of the best *kif* and a cow. When the villagers had acceded to his request, the old man cleaned the *kif*, keeping the best part for himself, and then killed the cow, stuffing it with the rest of the *kif*. Then he sewed the cow up again and left it at the side of the road just outside the village and waited in a tree with a goatskin full of water until the lion appeared. The majoon cow did its work and soon the lion was rolling on the ground and laughing. The *enchaioui* then came out of hiding and poured the water down the lion's throat—the mouth gets very dry after eating majoon, and liquids, especially hot mint

tea, help to intensify the effect. Then he took the lion by the ear and led him to the center of the village, where the astounded townspeople shook with fright as the old man and the lion looked at them, shaking with laughter.

Of course, *kif*, or hemp, may be used in many other ways and you can brew an excellent tea from its flowers with fresh mint and a lot of sugar. In Arabia, according to Sir Richard Burton, a mixture of powdered hemp leaves, black pepper, cloves, nutmeg and mace, infused into watermelon or cucumber juice and then passed through a strainer, makes a pleasing beverage. Another traditional Arabian drink is made from dried hemp leaves, poppy seed and cucumber seed, black pepper and cardamoms pulverized in a mortar and added to milk or ice cream.

The Sufis regarded majoon as a symbol of mystical knowledge, and such 12th-century Persian poets as Attar and Nasafi commonly celebrated the Goblet of Jam in their verses. Nasafi, in *The Unveiling of Realities*, writes: "In quest of the Goblet of Jam, I journeyed through the world. Not one day did I sit down, and not one night did I give myself to slumber, when from the master I heard a description of the Goblet of Jam, I knew that I myself was that Goblet of Jam, revealing the universe."

For the mystic poets, majoon revealed the essential harmony of the universe and the knowing man was even identified with the great electuary or *ma'jun-i-akbar*, the Goblet of Jam which opened the way to the secrets of cosmic correspondence and the nature of the true self. Hassan-I-Sabbah, the legendary old man of the mountain who led his cult of assassins from Mount Alamut in Persia and certainly one of the most renowned of all hashish eaters, is reputed to have said on his deathbed: "Nothing is true; everything is permitted."

And that is what is most interesting about taking majoon, the sense of infinite possibility as you move from instant to instant, like Mister Magoo stepping onto a steel girder in midair. For some the experience may be frightening, but for others there will be no greater exhilaration than the exploration of new worlds of feeling and consciousness. O how I love walking in evaporated moonlight! Majoon Traveler recommends that you nibble slowly and see what happens. You have nothing to lose but yourself, and that is precisely what you may find in the losing. And remember that one ounce of pure gold can be drawn out into a wire 50 miles long. *Al-hamdulillah*—Allah be praised. □

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A GEORGIA STORY

In search of something good to say about the EMIT Urinalysis Test, our Sordid Affairs Editor stumbled upon a redneck nest of deceit, coercion and —would you believe it—religious fanaticism in a drug rehabilitation center in Dougherty County, Georgia.

by Dean Latimer

To Patrick Bishop/
Criminal Law Monthly, Houston
From Dean Latimer/
HIGH TIMES, New York:

The citation in last April's *Federal Reporter* is *Owens v. Kelley*, and if you come across it, I would be greatly obliged for the Xerox. It went up to the eleventh circuit, and they sent it back to the trial court for clarification. Maybe Their Worshipships were just laughing too hard to come up with a decision.

It was just my own wide-hearted, generous Christian nature that induced me into turning this rock over and glimpsing what was beneath. I was looking for something *good* to write about the EMIT marijuana piss test, so's to demonstrate that I'm not maliciously prejudiced against that invention of Satan. And I actually do have no quarrel with the way it's used at the Cornerstone Halfway House in Eugene, Oregon. They use it on work-release cons as a counseling adjunct, not as an excuse to automatically roll up anybody who pulls a positive. So I was looking around for some other program that uses the EMIT in a similar fashion, and I supposed I'd found one in the last issue of the *U.S. Journal of Drug and Alcohol Dependence*.

The *U.S. Journal* is a little tabloid monthly paper, out of Hollywood, Florida, that goes out to the detox-and-rehab industry. Every month, Syva Company takes out a half-page in the *Journal* to flog their line of piss tests, so every month on that page there's normally a nice uplifting article about the EMIT. And in this one, they told how this

judge in Dougherty County, Georgia—Asa Kelley, of *Owens v. Kelley*—uses the EMIT pot test to “counsel” all his felony probationers. According to the program's administrator, one Dan MacDougald, Jr., of Albany, the *crime rate* for the whole damn county has dropped drastically as a result, and even the driving-while-intoxicated busts are down. My, my, sez I, this looks to be a *fun* little item.

“HIGH TIMES, eh?” said Dan MacDougald, Jr., into the phone. “Are y'all still saying marijuana's innocuous?”

“Not completely, no,” I said truthfully. “We advise people it's got certain respiratory hazards, pretty much the same as tobacco.”

“Well, I'm convinced the effects on the *mind* are the main thing here. Marijuana lowers the *nor*-epinephrine, y'know,” he declared, and paused significantly, to see if I knew what he was talking about.

“Gee, I imagine it might,” I pondered. “I've never seen anything on that specifically. But cocaine *raises* norepinephrine, and pot has pretty much the opposite behavioral effects—”

“It *definitely* lowers norepinephrine. Y'ever read these yoked-rat studies? They had these rats yoked and wired up, see, a hundred ten volts.”

“Inescapable shock?”

“Right. And they had 'em wired up tight, tail right in the light socket, and they'd zap 'em. And one rat, he could do something with his nose, push a certain button, to turn the shock off when they zapped him. And you know what happened?”

“Betcha that one's norepinephrine level went way up.”

“Exactly. But the other one, who couldn't do anything about the shock, his norepinephrine went down. Way down. 'Cause he couldn't *learn* to avoid the shock, y'see?”

“Yeah, that's a typical defeat reaction with inescapable shock. All the catecholamines are depleted, and the animal—”

“Well, that's why the vocabulary of our airhead friends is so minuscule,” Mr. MacDougald said proudly.

“I beg your pardon?”

“You can't *teach* an airhead *anything*. And that's why. Marijuana lowers the norepinephrine.”

“Uh, chronically, you mean?”

“Norepinephrine,” he said slowly and patiently (he may have remembered he was talking to a *professional* airhead), “is the *link*, the main link, between the speech centers of the brain and the emotional centers. We've had a good deal of assistance here from *Heath*, you know.”

“Dr. Robert Heath of Tulane University?”

“Yes, and Voth.”

“Harold Voth of the Menninger Clinic?”

“Yep. And the boys at Langley,” Dan MacDougald, Jr., concluded with just a *hint* of smugness and conspiracy.

Now, Patrick, I wouldn't touch that “boys at Langley” reference with a 10-foot pole. Heath used to be chairman of the neurology department at Tulane, until he managed to induce brain damage in a bunch of monkeys to whom he *happened* to be feeding marijuana, or THC, or both. Once his paper came



out, it was ripped to shit by other docs; Heath was cut off funding by the NIDA peer-review board, and presently he was retired from his chairmanship at Tulane. But while the paper was still *in press*, and no one could *inspect* it yet, all through 1978, Heath and his friends at the American Council on Marijuana were guaranteeing the chump media that at last marijuana had been *proven* to cause brain damage, and the chump media of course never *heard* about it when his paper was debunked totally a year later. Since then, *some* of that old American Council on Marijuana mob have aligned themselves with some really far-out, kick-ass, violence-mongering ultraconservative outfits. And if those people are feeding marijuana disinformation to this law clerk in southeast Georgia, they're probably *also* telling him they're in tight with the almighty CIA. And he appears to be the sort of person who would be tickled pink to believe he was getting the straight poop from the boys at Langley, Virginia.

So I just grunted ignorantly and let MacDougald continue. And it got zanier yet!

It's called "semantic reorganization," and it's obviously MacDougald's hobbyhorse. (I hadn't even told him exactly why I was *calling* yet, and here he was galloping off on it.) Since the emotional center of your airhead's brain is disconnected from his higher speech centers, thanks to marijuana-induced NE depletion, you have to reorganize your airhead's whole way of talking.

I asked D. MacD. where a person might read something about "semantic reorganization."

"Well," he confided, "most of the material is out of the Soviet Union."

"I beg your pardon. The USSR?"

"Yes, that's correct. They've done just a little work on this in England, but the main work has really been done in Russia. Dr. Luria is the main source."

"Dr. Luria." A.N. Luria—he's a bona-fide linguist, all right.

"Of course, the first fifteen pages or so is always a heartfelt tribute to Stalin, but once you get past that it's pretty good stuff."

"Stalin." My God, Russia de-Stalinized in 1965!

"And then there's *Speech and the Development of Mental Processes in the Child*. Penguin Books. We use that."

"Uh-huh."

"And then there's the Holy Bible. Y'know, it's *full* of references to just this sort of thing. Like where Jesus says, 'It is not what goes into a man's mouth that defines a man, but what comes out of it.'"

For your first THC urine positive test, Judge Kelley automatically jugs you seven days.

Well, sock me *another* dolager, Dan MacDougald, Jr.! "Y'know—" the giggle was irrepressible—"that very same line got cited in Pennsylvania court last year by some airhead trying to justify his marijuana smoking as a religious act?" (One of Bob Fogelnest's more colorful clients.)

"Really?" Yes, for a change, I had poleaxed *him*.

So finally I got a word in edgewise, to get to the *point* of the inquiry. How does the Dougherty County EMIT program work?

Well, it turns out to be a little different from the Cornerstone program. For your first THC urine positive, Judge Kelley automatically jugs you for seven days. "I call that motivational sentencing," said D. MacD.

"Motivates 'em not to do it again, right?"

"Right." And then for the *second* urine positive, they roll you up for 90 days! "I call that *therapeutic* sentencing," he said.

"How's that?"

Well, Dan MacDougald, Jr., has been told—and he told me he was told this by Harold Voth of Menninger—that it takes 180 days for every last nanogram of marijuana metabolite to pass out of a person's body. Therefore, this 90-day roll up is geared to the alleged *half-life* of THC in the body. Presumably, your airhead, with his depleted NE in his ascending reticular pathway, inhibiting neurotransmission between his limbic system ("emotional centers") and his orbital frontal neocortex ("speech centers"), just isn't in *shape* to have his

semantics reorganized properly by the study of the Revealed Word of God, until he's cleared at least half the THC from his last dose.

Of course, D. MacD.'s terminology was much simpler, out of consideration, no doubt, for my own airheadedness. Or it's even possible that whoever explained all this to D. MacD. used the *same* asinine and misleading colloquial shorthand.

My next call, of course, was to the Atlanta branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, to see if they had heard of what was going on down in Dougherty County. That's when I found out about *Owens v. Kelley*, their lawsuit challenging the right of Judge Kelley to subject prisoners and probationers to forced religious indoctrination.

Turns out it's a whole *program*, y'see, called EMI: "Emotional Maturity Instruction." It was developed back in the late '60s, like so many nut-bar schemes to find a neurobiological explanation for criminality, under the auspices of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Once it went into use in Dougherty County, though, it was assessed by an LEAA consultant named Dr. Benjamin Frank. Frank said it was all just "turgid rhetoric," a scheme to uphold ultraconservative moral traditions under a "pseudoscientific facade." Seems MacDougald, who was running the program way back when, was teaching people "key words" like God, self, love, sin, forgive, evil, law, neighbor and so on. Now, where do you find those particular words in the greatest abundance? Right: the Holy Bible, and *particularly* the New Testament thereof. Dr. Benjamin Frank strongly urged that the LEAA should disassociate themselves from this illegal filthiness, and they very quickly did.

"What else do you expect from a Jew evaluating a project based on Christian beliefs?" D. MacD. asked the *Albany Herald*. "He is a Jew, you know."

My next call was to Dr. Howard Voth of the Menninger Foundation. Voth is an ultra-hard-line antidope doc all right, but it's hard to believe he'd involve himself or the Menningers with this sort of foolishness.

Sure enough, Voth said he had never heard of D. MacD., and he most certainly never told him that the half-life of marijuana in the body is 90 days. "The half-life of THC is three to seven days. Split the difference and call it five." In his booklet, *How to Get Your Child off Marijuana*, Dr. Voth does counsel parents not to get discouraged if their amotivated little nippers don't come

out of their "psychological regression" for as long as three months after abstinence is imposed. Maybe D. MacD. read that, put two and two together and came up with five or six, and now attributes it all to the Menninger Clinic. "I have not spoken to him personally," quoth Voth.

After Voth, Heath. (Say that 10 times, fast, you brain-damaged airheads!) Heath still has an office at Tulane, and there I dialed direct. "Is it possible to speak to Dr. Heath?"

"Yes. Who shall I say is calling?" Pleasant lady's voice.

Of course, once I'd identified my affiliation, it was no longer possible to speak to Dr. Heath. Well, then, could the pleasant lady tell me whether Dr. Heath had ever advised Dan MacDougald, Jr., of Georgia, about marijuana and brain chemicals? "I think Dr. Heath may have had some association with him," she began, and then thought better of it. Actually, y'know, media callers to Tulane staff are *expected* to clear themselves *properly* through the Public Information Office.

At the Tulane PIO, they didn't know if HIGH TIMES magazine could speak with Dr. Heath, right off. "Are you on deadline?" Sure I was. Well, they'd check and call back. And about five

hours later they called back to advise me that Dr. Heath was on a two-week vacation, so they were regretful that I wouldn't be able to contact him by my deadline. And I really *wouldn't* need to call back in two weeks, would I?

So, if you want to visit Florida, Patrick, I would seriously counsel that you do not even *fly over* Dougherty County. Everyone who gets busted in that god-awful county and goes before Judge Kelley (except for the most *heinous* offenders) gets probation, but they get the longest *possible* stretches. And once they're on probation, they're in the pocket of Dan MacDougald and his advisers from Tulane or Langley or God knows where. And Dan MacDougald gives them *regular* voice-stress analyses and Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventories, and uses them to *predict* whether they'll use marijuana. And in any case, *any* felony probationer in the county has to agree to submit to random urinalysis tests for pot, because according to some statistics in MacDougald's possession (or in his head, anyhow) a really phenomenal proportion of felony convicts have smoked marijuana in their lives. And finally, of course, probationers get to reorganize their semantics around the Gospel Ac-

cording to St. John the Divine.

Y'know, Patrick, as a Georgia story, this one's nearly as colorful as that one y'all had to write up in the *Criminal Law Monthly* last year—the one about the good old boy who raped his daughter when she was 12, so that she would have a baby daughter he could rape 12 years later, and they both *went along* with it.

That's what I love about the South, m'man. And y'all are welcome to keep it down there.

Felicitations,
Dean

(Note to readers: Anyone curious about the actual effects of marijuana on norepinephrine and other neurotransmitters is recommended to the work of Dr. Edward Domino of the University of Chicago, who has done virtually all the authoritative work in this area. Based largely on Domino's work, the editors of *Marijuana and Health* [the National Academy of Sciences, 1982] conclude that there is simply no clear-cut effect of THC, or any other cannabinoid component, on norepinephrine. "There is no evidence for any significant, long-term toxic effect of cannabinoids on any of the nerve-cell networks that produce identified neurotransmitters.") □

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CAMUS

Given the immutable fact that the History of Man suggests only certain death for the individual, what else could Larry do but go face the young skirts of Modern Lit. 101?

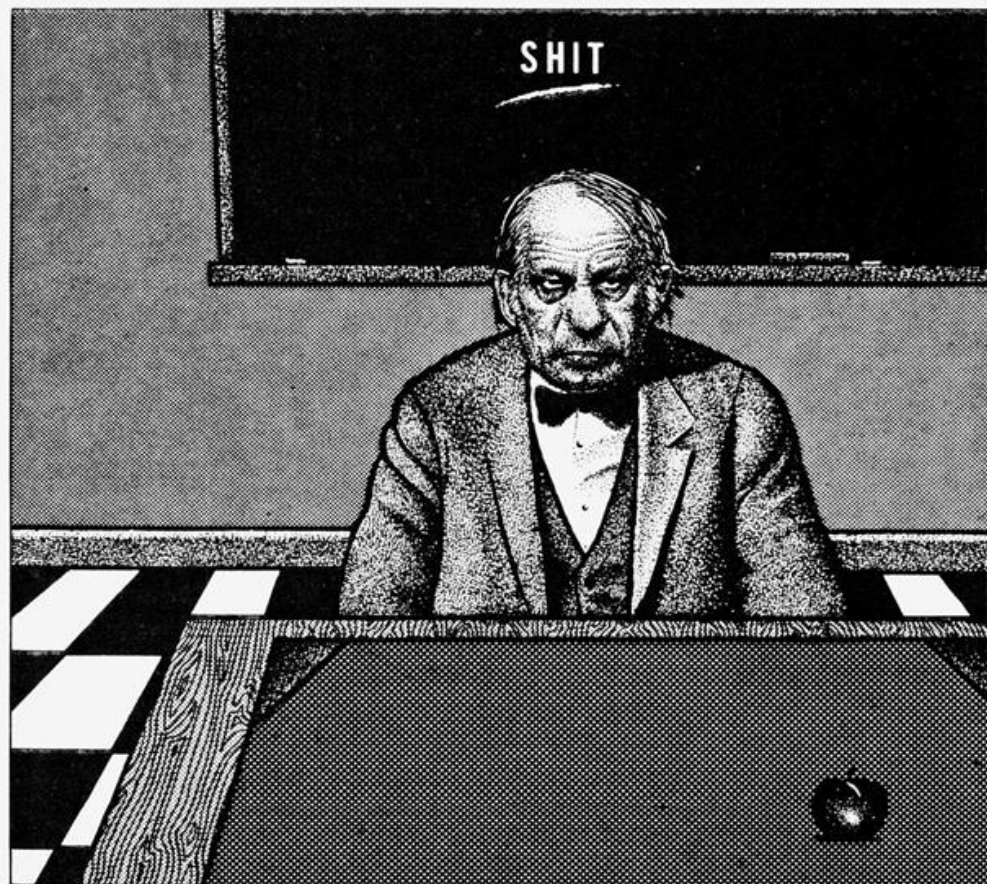
Larry awakened, got out of the twisted sheets, walked to the window which overlooked the neighborhood to the east and he saw the garage roofs and the trees with their barren branches. His hangover was about standard and he walked to the bathroom to piss, did that, turned to the basin to wash his hands, then he splashed water on his face, and then he did it: He looked at the face in the mirror, found it less than enchanting... He let the bathwater run, thinking, the problem with the History of Man is that it doesn't lead anywhere except toward certain death for the individual, and that was drab and ugly, garbage-disposal stuff...

His cat, Hog, walked in. Hog just stared at him, he wanted his cat food. That animal, thought Larry, is just a walking belly, and if I ever want to fly back East for a couple of weeks I've either got to board the son of a bitch or shoot him. Maybe if I ever want to fly back East I ought to shoot myself—but I don't want to shoot myself: too many men have been shot, I want something more individual. Like pills? No, pills were too blasé, even when they induced death.

Larry checked his face in the glass again: Shave? No. Why?...

Larry made it to his 11 A.M. class.

There they were: those young girls, the promise that never lasted, those young girls, those great momentary decorations, so bright, so fresh. He liked them. The boys were almost like the girls. As the decades rolled on, the boys and the girls were becoming almost one. The boys had a grace that the boys of his age never had; they also had more of a seeming kindness. One thing they seemed to lack was courage, but maybe their courage was more sublime, hidden. The Stockpile Generations had bred a strange gang, and Larry had decided long ago that judgments against the unformed might only be protective



shields against his own lackings.

Larry looked at them from behind his desk. That desk, the symbol of power.

"Well, shit," he said.

Some of them laughed.

"I've already shit," some bright guy said.

"Did you wipe?" Larry asked.

"Probably not enough," the bright guy responded.

"Which is the answer to almost everything," Larry suggested.

"Hey," said a fat boy in a yellow jump suit from one of the rear seats, "all this talk about *shit*... I thought this was a course in Modern Lit.... Is *this* what they pay you for?"

"Most men are terribly incompetent in their professions. I might be one of those. I'm not quite sure. One thing I *am* quite sure of is that I can kick your

ass. This isn't really important but somehow it soothes me—"

The kid in the yellow jump suit leaped up: "I'll call you!"

"Okay," said Larry, "let's go."

The class filed outside. They waited for Larry and the boy, they formed a circle under the oak tree near the library. The warriors arrived. Larry took off his coat, threw it to the ground. The fat boy in the jump suit inhaled a vast mass of air and puffed himself up. He looked like several thousand frogs. Then he charged.

Larry jabbed him coming in, then dug a right into his gut. The fat boy let out a little fart, backed off.

Then the fat boy began circling. Larry began circling.

They both circled. They circled and circled.

"Come on!" somebody in the crowd hollered. "Let's get it on!"

Larry waved the fat boy in: "Come on, I'll cut you to pieces!"

"You old fuck," said the fat boy. "I'll kick your dead ass into the grave!"

They kept circling. Some of the students returned to the classroom for their belongings. Others left for elsewhere.

Then Larry and the boy were alone, circling.

The fat boy said, "I'm gonna get my dad to have you removed from campus—"

"We aren't going to fight," said Larry. "We are afraid of each other—"

Larry turned and walked back toward the classroom. When he got there about half the class was there.

Then the fat boy walked in and took his seat in the rear. Larry looked at him: "You're going to have all hell getting an A out of me."

"I know," he answered. "That takes a tight young pussy."

"And more than once," Larry added.

Larry surveyed what was left of the class:

"Now, anybody *else* who wants the *shit* kicked out of them, please stand up!"

One of the boys stood up. Then another. Soon they were all standing. Then one of the girls stood up. Then another. Soon everybody was standing.

"All right," intoned Larry, "sit down. I'm going to flunk this whole fucking class."

They sat down.

"Power destroys," Larry told them, "and the lack of it creates a world of misfits. But I'll let you off the hook—I won't flunk you if one of you can name me a fairly good writer, deceased, his name spelled backwards is 's-u-m-a-C'."

"Smack," said some wise guy.

"No, that's 'Kcams,' the great Hungarian horse thief of the nineteenth century. You've all just flunked. What do you think about that?"

"What do you think about Capote?" somebody asked.

"I never think about him."

"Mailer?"

"Just his wives."

"God?"

"I especially don't think about God."

"If you especially don't," said somebody, "that means that you especially do."

"You mean," asked Larry, "that if I don't fuck it means that I do?"

Then the bell rang, tolling for everybody.

That seemed more like 20 minutes, Larry thought; nothing like a bit of brisk physical exercise to pass the time.

"When I see you next Wednesday, if I do," Larry addressed the departing, "I'll expect an essay from each of you on 'Who Wrote Our National Anthem, and Why?'"

They filed out, grumbling profanities like what the fuck has this got to do with Modern Lit. I?

They filed out except for one young girl who closed in on Larry's desk.

She looked very fine in the noon light—it drove through her thin tight dress. He sat there. He felt her flank rubbing up against his left shoulder.

"I like you, Jansen," she said, using his last name. "I don't know how to say this, it might sound awkward—"

"Just press your legs together tightly and try."

"Well, I *understand* why your class is the most popular on campus. It's energetic, descriptive, it's entertaining, it's got balls, it's got soul—"

"Soul with balls, that's what we need. Thank you—"

"Denise."

"Thank you, Denise."

She pressed her flank against him more heavily: "This is easier to say: If you ever want some of that tight young pussy, I'm yours."

"You don't mean that?" he looked up at her.

"Sure, for that A, I mean it."

Larry kept looking at her. "Jesus Christ, do you think I can be bought that easily?"

"Yes," she smiled. "All you have to do is to put your phone number on that note pad there before you, rip it off and give it to me. I'll arrange everything."

Larry picked up his pen and wrote his number down, slid it toward her flank. Her hand came down, picked up the paper, folded it, and then she was gone.

Larry stood up, put his coat on. He only had a 2 P.M. class and the day was over.

One thing he knew, though, he was going to flunk that fat son of a bitch in the yellow jump suit. . . And wasn't that something? Arthur Koestler and his wife in a double suicide?

He walked out of the class and was soon upon the campus green. Time for a quiet lunch at the Blue Moon and a couple of drinks. It was a mile or so from the university but well worth the drive. A damn good place to unwind. . . □

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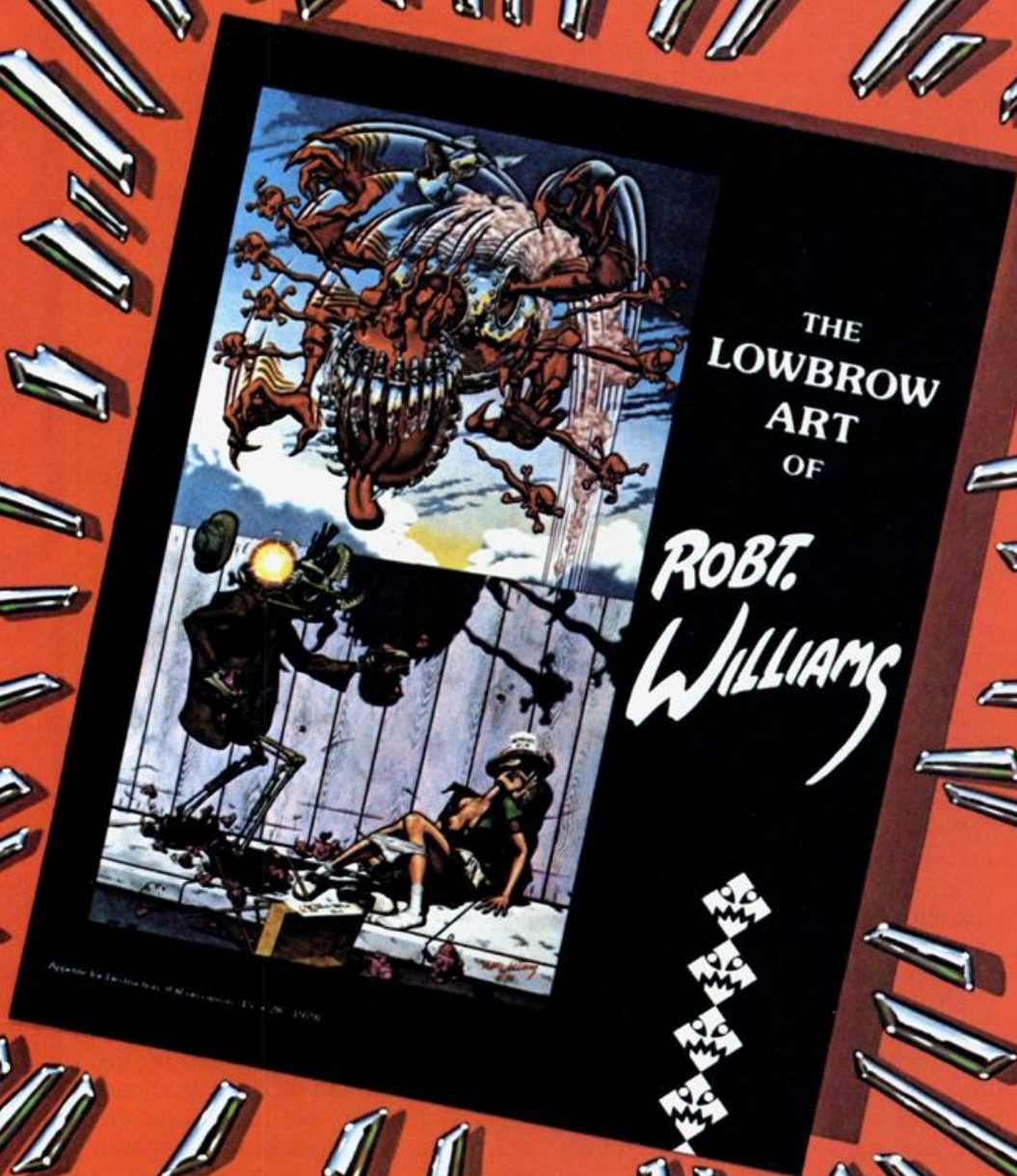
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REEFER MADNESS:

The History of Marijuana in America

Part IV: The Bureau Retreats. by Larry Sloman

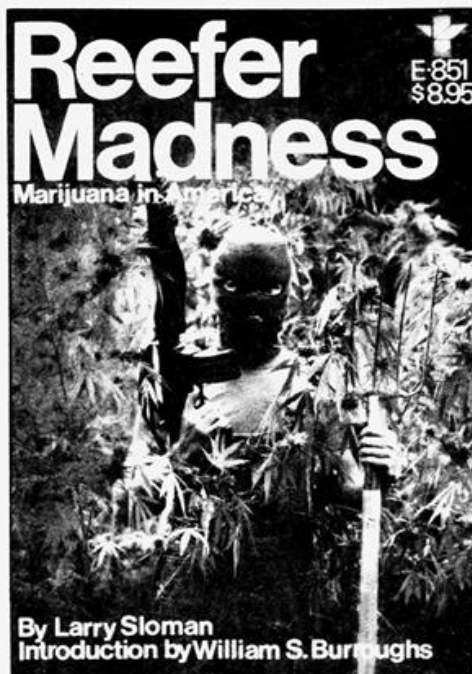
Although the passage of the Marihuana Tax Act of 1937 did little to deter hip young heads like Bernie Brightman from schlepping up to Harlem to hit the tea pads, the legislation did effectively end the medicinal cannabis market. Due to the licensing regulations, most wholesale dealers refused to distribute the drug after the act passed. In a letter to Anslinger in response to the commissioner's query, J.T. Huffman of Manito, Illinois, one of the largest dealers in cannabis, noted:

I have decided to discontinue the collection and sale of the herb owing to the fact that it has been placed in the narcotic list by both State and Federal laws. I have no cannabis...and have not made any collection this season as practically all of the manufacturers and dealers whom I have done business with have decided to discontinue the use and sale of this herb.

But if the bill had a significant effect on the future of marijuana as a medicine (a few years after its passage, cannabis would be dropped from the *U.S. Pharmacopoeia*, at Anslinger's urging), its effect on the Bureau of Narcotics was less than medicinal. In 1937 Anslinger was operating on a \$1,275,000 budget, an amount that would be slashed by \$8,000 in the two years to come.

Anslinger, as we have seen, had always resisted federal legislation on marijuana; but by October 1, 1937, he was faced with enforcing a new law prohibiting certain transfers of the substance with no additional funds to carry out the task. What was worse, as the New Orleans field agent had predicted, marijuana was everywhere; and, thanks largely to the tremendous PR job the commissioner was doing, the lay public was becoming increasingly aware of it and the insidious menace it represented to wholesome Americans.

That there would be a problem in



enforcing this law was seen in a memo Chicago District Supervisor of Bureau of Narcotics Mrs. Elizabeth Bass sent to the commissioner on March 12, 1937:

In reply to your letter... I beg to state that we have here, of course, no organized campaign on Marihuana, but I have been interested in the subject about three years and have taken every pain to inform myself on the entire subject... and I have accepted every invitation to speak on the matter that I could...

We have all assisted the local officers in the destruction of such fields, and where evidence of cultivation was present we have helped them make the cases against the offenders.

The most important missionary work that I have done in the matter has been in the education of sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, chiefs of police, etc., in the regions outside the large cities. They are universally, until they have such education from us, entirely ignorant on the whole subject. I have not, of course, been able to include any of

these expenses in my Form 1012, as these matters are not covered by the Harrison Narcotic Law and its amendments.

Mrs. Bass would have no relief after the new federal act went into effect, for no additional funds were earmarked for the enforcement of the marijuana law. Without the funds to seriously go after marijuana violators, and with the knowledge that to fight the widespread weed would be a losing concern, Anslinger relied on a strict punitive application of the law in the courts. From the onset, he wasn't disappointed.

The first cases under the Marihuana Tax Act were heard in the court of U.S. District Judge J. Foster Symes, in Denver, Colorado, on October 8, 1937. Under the watchful eye of the commissioner, who was seated in the courtroom, Judge Symes threw the book at the first two offenders. He gave Samuel Caldwell, 58, an admitted peddler, a four-year term in Leavenworth and a \$1,000 fine. He sentenced Moses Baca, 26, a confessed user, to 18 months in Leavenworth. Which would seem to be a nice arrangement, since Caldwell was Baca's connection.

But the sentences were a departure for Denver, since prior to the act, peddlers would get, at most, 60 days in the county jail for marijuana sales. And, to underscore the new policies, Symes made a short speech from the bench:

I consider marihuana the worst of all narcotics—far worse than the use of morphine or cocaine. Under its influence men become beasts, just as was the case with Baca. Marihuana destroys life itself. I have no sympathy with those who sell this weed. In future [sic] I will impose the heaviest penalties. The government is going to enforce this new law to the letter.

This case was a milestone in a num-

ber of respects. One, it paved the way for a strict enforcement of the new law, with the most stringent penalties meted out. Second, it was typical of the cases that would be brought—one peddler dealing a few cigarettes to a willing user.

Anslinger was tickled pink by the outcome, praising the D.A.'s, lauding the judge's comments and putting his own two cents in for the willing press. "These men have shown the way to other district attorneys throughout the nation. Marijuana has become our greatest problem. . . It is on the increase. But we will enforce the new law to the very letter."

Make that small letter. From October 1, 1937, the day the act went into effect, until the year's end, the fearless agents of Anslinger made 369 seizures, consisting of 229 kilograms of bulk marijuana and 2,852 illicit cigarettes. Hardly the big time. In fact, by December 14, 1937, Anslinger was moved to issue a confidential memo to all his district supervisors:

The Bureau has noted that a great many marihuana cases of a comparatively minor type are being reported.

Thus far the courts have shown a very good attitude with respect to the disposition of marihuana cases and we do not wish to bring about a reaction by congesting court calendars with cases of a petty type. It is realized that necessarily some cases of this sort will be developed, but it is believed that in a great number of cases if more strenuous efforts were made to ascertain sources of supply, cases which could command more respect in the courts would be developed.

Please give this matter your earnest attention.

A revelatory memo! Here was the commissioner, a scant two months after the long-awaited federal legislation against the "worst of all narcotics" (in his own words), ordering his agents off the marijuana case! The notion of developing larger cases, commanding more "respect in the courts," was a canard, for there was no large centralized organized traffic in marijuana at this point.

So 1937, the year of the great Act, also signaled the year of the great Retrenchment. And Anslinger, always the strategist, would open (or close, to be precise) several fronts simultaneously in this new action. To his credit, the commissioner never deviated from his line that marijuana was a noxious drug, still dangerous, still worthy of prohibition.

However, cognizant that the Bureau would never be able to control the weed in the manner that the advance publicity would warrant, Anslinger began to retract some of the wilder claims that he had made with respect to its deleterious effects and, at the same time, began a major campaign of harassment aimed at the marijuana crusaders to his right.

For, by the mid-1930s, there emerged on the scene a curious by-product of the Bureau-generated publicity—the Marijuana Ministers. They were gentlemen—some of the cloth, all of the hemp—who, in the name of Our Lord Savior Jesus Christ (with thanks to Our Commissioner Harry Anslinger), would crisscross this great land of ours, armed only with the Word that Jesus stays off the grass. Having such a high moral authority in their corner, the Marijuana Ministers were a fearless lot, at times even consorting with the emissaries of the devil, the practitioners of the reefer trade, in an attempt to "know thine enemy." Their ideology often propelled them even to the right of Anslinger, for instance, when they condemned socially sanctioned recreational drugs like alcohol and tobacco. But their moral fervor also allowed them a perspective on the drug menace that Anslinger would never be able to share. Because they viewed marijuana addicts as fallen sinners, it followed that these unfortunates were weak people who needed help. It was not far from this position to suggest that addicts were worthy of medical attention. In Anslinger's church, this last statement was tantamount to heresy.

Starting in late 1937, the Bureau went after these marijuana crusaders who had taken, in Anslinger's eyes, an excessive position on the issue.

The full vent of the commissioner's wrath was saved for one Earle Albert Rowell. Rowell had been on the drug circuit since 1925, lecturing on the evils of narcotics under the aegis of the California White Cross, a church-based temperance activist group. With his son Robert, Rowell scoured the country, gathering data for his books and lecturing before entranced church groups. The Rowells published three books: *Battling the Wolves of Society—The Narcotics Evil*; *The Dope Adventures of David Dare*; and their masterpiece, *On the Trail of Marihuana—The Weed of Madness*.

Rowell became a foe of Anslinger's with his first book, *Battling the Wolves of Society*, where he opines that addicts deserve medical treatment and

not prison terms. In fact, Rowell took an extremely avant-garde position for such a fundamentalist; namely, that perhaps it was better that unfortunate addicts have access to drugs rather than run amok in society in an attempt to satisfy their craving.

At any rate, by their third book the Rowells were the object of scrutiny by Anslinger. And in a time when he desired to desensationalize the marijuana issue, *On the Trail of Marihuana* was as volatile as a thin reefer in the hands of a corn-fed midwestern schoolchild.

The book opened with a tragic car crash—four youths dead, one mangled. Of course the copilot was the weed, deceiving the naive youths into thinking that they were crawling when they were really doing 80 miles per hour.

When a person smokes a marihuana cigarette, he may become a calm philosopher, a merry reveler, a cruel murderer, or a mad insensate. The results are as varied as human nature. There is absolutely no foretelling the effect on any one individual. Marihuana is, indeed, the unknown quantity in narcotic drugs. . .

We now know that marihuana—

1. Destroys will power, making a jellyfish of the user. He cannot say no.

2. Eliminates the line between right and wrong, and substitutes one's own warped desires of the base suggestions of others as the standard of right.

3. Above all, causes crime; fills the victim with an irrepressible urge to violence.

4. Incites to revolting immoralities, including rape and murder.

5. Causes many accidents, both industrial and automobile.

6. Ruins careers forever.

7. Causes insanity as its specialty.

8. EITHER IN SELF-DEFENSE OR AS A MEANS OF REVENUE, USERS MAKE SMOKERS OF OTHERS, THUS PERPETUATING THE EVIL.

And Rowell was no armchair alarmist; he and his son stalked the wild weed in open fields, crowded cities, slimy tamale joints, even in Tampa, Florida, to investigate the fabled Licata massacre—something that Anslinger had never deigned. Rowell's report was fascinating:

On our tour of the states, we arrived in Tampa a few months after this horrible crime took place. The police and district attorney's staff who worked on the case told us the entire terrible and fantastic story, and took us to the house where the crime had been enacted.

The police confided to us also that the

father, who had been murdered, was by no means blameless, for he had been making these cigarettes, and having his son Victor peddle them to the students at the high school he attended. In time, Victor sampled his own product. Then came the quintuple murder. Thus the father, who had sown the wind, reaped the whirlwind.

This crime struck home to the hearts and minds of the inhabitants of Florida the terrific potency of marihuana. Many months later we found the memory of this atrocity to be very vivid; the whole state had become marihuana conscious.

Rowell repeated the charges that marijuana was a "killer drug," and he relied heavily on Anslinger's gore list for exemplars. In fact, to the crusader, marijuana was more pernicious than alcohol, and even morphine! Rowell realized that thousands of Americans around the turn of the century had been users of patent medicines that contained the opiates and had unwillingly become addicts by the time federal legislation cut off their supply, forcing them to deal with the underworld:

There are thousands of fine men and women who have been innocently addicted to morphine, and who, so long as they can obtain enough of the drug to keep them "comfortable," show no marked evidence of degeneration. While the drug attacks mind and body, it is the desperation to which the victim is driven by the pains of drug privation that hastens moral degeneration.

For Rowell, the opiates were dangerous because the user becomes frenzied only when he is deprived of his drug. But the marijuanist is far more dangerous because he might do anything while under the influence of the drug:

The marihuana user, freed from the restraint of gravitation, bumps his head against the sky. Street lights become orangoutangs with eyes of fire. Huge slimy snakes crawl through the small cracks in the sidewalk, and prehistoric monsters, intent on his destruction, emerge from keyholes, and pursue him down the street. He feels squirrels walking over his back, while he is being pelted by some unseen enemy with lightning bolts. He will thrill you with the most plausible accounts of desperados who lurk in the doorway ahead, waiting with long, sharp knives to pounce on him and carve him to pieces...

Not only are moral inhibitions removed and the Ten Commandments abolished in

the mind of the confirmed marihuana user, but a positive conviction is added that it is right to steal, commit rape, and murder, and that it is actually wrong not to do these horrible things.

But what set Rowell apart from Anslinger was his theory on the progression from marijuana to harder drugs. Anslinger, of course, scoffed at such ideas during his testimony before the House in 1937. Rowell, however, not only saw marijuana as a precursor to heroin, he quite correctly argued that most marijuana smokers start out with the dread nicotine! And Rowell was also heretical in pinning the marijuana traffic to organized crime, as part of their dope master plan to enslave the youth of the country:

Slowly, insidiously, for over three hundred years, Lady Nicotine was setting the stage for a grand climax. The long years of tobacco using were but an introduction to and a training for marihuana use. Tobacco, which was first smoked in a pipe, then as a cigar, and at last as a cigarette, demanded more and more of itself until its supposed pleasure palled, and some of the tobacco victims looked about for something stronger. Tobacco was no longer potent enough.

They cast about for something new and more powerful. A few heard that the Mexicans had a new kind of tobacco with a "thrill" in it. They found it much stronger than tobacco, and recommended it to others. The cult spread like wildfire. No close-knit dope ring was pushing it. In fact, for once, here was a vice, a narcotic, whose use was nationwide before dope peddlers woke up. At first they looked upon it as a rival drug, then discovered it to be the habit of an entirely new group of persons they had never succeeded in reaching with their dope before; but now, with marihuana as the monitor, they saw in it, for the first time, the means of making dope users of millions of boys and girls.

Worse than this startling revelation was Rowell's assertion that police officials were doing nothing to stop the burgeoning marijuana traffic. Everywhere they went, he complained, they were met with ignorance or indifference on the part of the officials. The Rowells were forced to eradicate the weed themselves, and oftentimes they would lead a large weed-hunting expedition, good Christians all, taking action to stop the scourge.

As for the Marihuana Tax Act, Rowell felt that it had a pernicious effect on law enforcement:

"I consider marihuana the worst of all narcotics ... Under its influence men become beasts..."

Now that there is a Federal law, we find both city and state officials quite willing, even anxious, to wash their hands of the whole matter and let Uncle Sam do it all. But when it takes 20,000 men to police New York City, how can we expect 300 Federal narcotic officials to police the whole United States and its possessions? ... The seriousness of the whole situation demands that the drug no longer be shrouded in mystery; that a campaign of education concerning its noxious effects be instituted especially among those who are its main victims—the youth. ... Meanwhile marihuana peddling goes merrily on, and will continue to flourish until you and you and you decide that it is a personal matter—a life-and-death threat demanding your immediate, resolute and unwearied attack against an enemy too deadly to trifle with.

Anslinger, needless to say, did not look too kindly upon these theories. He was already on record that marijuana use did not lead to the opiates. By 1938 he was concerned with reducing the publicity surrounding marijuana. In fact, on April 11, 1938, Anslinger fired off a letter to H.C. Williams, the acting district supervisor in Texas:

Referring to your letter dated April 6, 1938, you will please, in a tactful way, decline to present the radio talks on marihuana anytime in the near future.

For your information, our present policy is to discourage undue emphasis on Marihuana for the reason that in some

sections of the country recently, press reports have become so exaggerated that interest in the subject has become almost "hysterical" and we are therefore trying to mold public opinion along more conservative and saner lines.

Please refuse the invitations diplomatically.

It didn't take long for Anslinger to move against Rowell. Even though he was dissuaded by close friends from paying too much attention to Rowell, who was dismissed by them as a harmless zealot, Anslinger mounted what can only be called a dirty-tricks campaign against the crusader. According to Rowell's account, published in sociologist Alfred R. Lindesmith's *The Addict and the Law*, the harassment campaign began in 1938 in Wayne, Pennsylvania. Rowell was arrested and threatened with prosecution by Bureau of Narcotics agents for possessing an opium pipe that contained scrapings of opium and other small quantities of narcotics. Of course these drugs had been furnished Rowell by local police authorities in his educational campaign and were used during the lectures.

The charges were never followed up, but the Bureau broadcast that he had been arrested, and accused him of profiteering on his antinarcotics campaign. In Evanston, Illinois, according to Rowell, he was threatened with prosecution for failure to pay an amusement tax. He also claimed to have been followed and watched on his speaking tour by narcotics agents.

In addition, derogatory information concerning him was circulated to opinion leaders in the areas where the Rowells were to have spoken, causing cancellations in some cases. These cancellations themselves were then written up and circulated by narcotics officials to further discredit Rowell. All in all, a campaign worthy of the Watergaters—some 40 years earlier! The harassment was successful. Rowell and son disappeared from view by the early '40s, and the Bureau once again cornered the marijuana publicity market.

However, Anslinger had another problem that resulted from the marijuana backlash, and that was the newly discovered marijuana insanity plea. As early as 1936, in the brutal murder case in New Jersey that Anslinger was prone to immortalize, the defense had raised the logical assertion that since marijuana was said to destroy men's wills and make jellyfish of them, then the hapless smokers who committed crimes

while under the influence were really not responsible for these actions.

The prosecutors in that New Jersey case admitted that the brutality of the murder was accounted for by the narcotic; however, they argued that the defendant's intellect had not been totally prostrated by the drug. The judge agreed with the prosecution, and the marijuana defense fell.

However, after the 1937 act, a large number of defendants throughout the country resurrected the marijuana insanity plea, in some cases aided indirectly by the Bureau of Narcotics. And once again, a pivotal figure in this chapter of the marijuana story was Dr. James A. Munch, of saliva-test fame.

Munch had maintained his close association with the Bureau after his testimony at the 1937 tax act hearings. He was a consultant to the Bureau and had received grants to do further studies in the pharmacology of marijuana at Temple University, where he was a professor.

In February 1938 he was approached by the lawyers representing Mrs. Ethel "Bunny" Sohl, a 20-year-old tomboy daughter of a Newark, New Jersey, policeman who was to stand trial that month for the fatal shooting of a Newark bus driver. Munch was asked to appear at the trial as a marijuana expert, and, after gaining the approval of the Philadelphia office of the Bureau of Narcotics, he agreed to testify.

During the trial, the defense established the fact that Bunny had been a user of "marijuana cigarettes," which "made wrong things seem right," according to the girl. "The smokes made me forget all about the pain in my head," Bunny testified, referring to the pain she had suffered since an automobile accident four years prior to the incident. Bunny was introduced to the weed by her husband, who was now serving time for check forgery.

The defense trotted out Bunny's family in an attempt to establish the marijuana defense. Her grandmother, mother and father all took the stand and testified to the young girl's "queerness." But it was Munch's testimony that would be the main factor in saving Bunny Sohl and her companion in crime from the electric chair. In a banner headline, COURT ADMITS "LOCO WEED" AS DEFENSE FOR BUNNY, the *Newark Ledger* reported Munch's testimony prominently:

Hope for escape from the electric chair was held out yesterday to Bunny Sohl when the State lost a move to bar an expert's testimony on her plea that doped cigarettes led her to robbery and a slaying.

Dr. James E. Munch, Temple University physiologist, who has stalked the secrets of marijuana by smoking it himself, took the stand in defense of the 20-year-old blonde and told the jury of a delirious dream world he found when he puffed a "reefer"...

Described by the defense as the country's foremost authority on marijuana, Dr. Munch, a small, nervous man, spellbound an incredulous county court audience with his revelation of the "happiness and joy" that came when he inhaled a "Mexican weed" to "lose all conception of time and space."

"I passed into an ink bottle," the narcotic expert began without preliminaries, talking in precise jerks like an animated textbook. His flashing black eyes danced over the jurors. "I peeked over the edge and I wrote a book," he said. "I was in the same bottle for 200 years." He smiled politely, puffed an imaginary smoke ring through his lips, and flicked his fingers over his knees like a pianist rippling a keyboard. Spectators tittered. Attendants bellowed, "Quiet, please!" The doctor looked around him like a man waking up in a strange place and continued the tale of the nightmare he had on a "Mexican weed."

"In the same bottle 200 years," he explained. "After that I flew out." He sighed and smiled again. "I flew around the world a few times." Then the dream was over. "I was back in my chair. I looked at my clock. I had been gone fifteen minutes"...

"Space vanishes," the doctor explained in his discussion of the "weed." "You can walk across the ocean. You can jump from here to the Panama Canal. Things you do seem to be the things you should do. The weakling feels he can fight a prizefighter."

Effects he said were "delightful, horrible, gruesome, unusual and bizarre." He termed these stages "being high." He said: "Individuals at this stage will be forced to commit robberies." Prosecutor William A. Wachenfeld objected to the doctor's "romancing," and the remark on robberies was stricken from the record.

Before he finished, the doctor told of marijuana murderers, and of two addicts who "attempted to drive an automobile at a high rate of speed over a road that didn't exist out in a desert in a gully."

The jury, obviously fascinated by Munch's story, returned a verdict of guilty and recommended life imprisonment rather than the chair for the two wayward youths. However, the verdict was greeted with dismay by many editorialists who feared that reeferers would

be refuge for many a criminal to come.

Despite the local publicity, the *Sohl* case did not make much of a stir outside New Jersey. A few months later, Munch once again testified as a defense "expert," this time in a case in New York City. Arthur Friedman, 21, was one of five youths charged with the fatal shooting of Detective Michael J. Foley in a restaurant holdup. On April 7, 1938, Munch journeyed down from Temple and repeated his fantastic story, this time for the Big Apple jurors. The *New York Post* heralded his tale with a banner headline: PROF FLIES HIGH AND CRASHES, ALL ON WINGS OF MARIHUANA—After "200 Years at Bottom of Ink Bottle," Expert Testifies at Murder Trial.

This time the reaction from Washington was swift. Two days later Anslinger fired off a letter to his New York district supervisor:

What I would like to know is whether it was definitely established that the boy smoked the drug before the crime. Possibly the District Attorney can give you some information on this point. I am very anxious to know whether Dr. Munch, in spite of my admonition, proceeded with his testimony before he was absolutely certain that the drug had been used. I want this information so that we may be able to determine our future relations with Dr. Munch.

On April 12, in a file record of a telephone call from a narcotics investigator to the district supervisor, it was reported:

*... Dr. Munch got on the stand and put up a perfect defense for this man who murdered the cop and the two district attorneys are very sore about it. They think Munch is a representative of the Bureau of Narcotics and wonder why the Commissioner sent him up there... The two DAs say that Dr. Munch recited his testimony like a parrot and they are informed it is the same, word for word, as the testimony he gave in the *Sohl* case in Philadelphia. They say he spoke as though he worked with the Commissioner.*

Two days later Anslinger wrote Munch. He warned his potsmoking colleague that the marijuana defense was rapidly spreading as an "afterthought" on the part of shrewd defense counselors. "We have reliable information that the word is being passed along through the young underworld to 'blame it on the weed' when tried for a crime."

Anslinger ended by requesting that in the future Munch refrain from testifying for the defense in criminal cases, and,

to underscore the message, sent a letter the same day to the district supervisor in Philadelphia, requesting him to personally express his displeasure to Munch.

The broadsides worked. Munch was positively repentant in a six-page letter he wrote to Anslinger explaining his testimony at the two trials. He made certain not to convey the impression that he worked for the Bureau, Munch maintained, and he had noted that his studies of marijuana were scientific, not the frivolous thrill-seeking of a dilettante:

I pointed out... that I had made some studies of marihuana action on animals, on myself, and had observed the effects on a number of Mexicans. However, I did not want to lend myself to the establishment of "marihuana" as a defense for any moron who might desire to commit any sort of crime, then blame it on the action of the drug and escape the proper penalty of the law...

Apparently it was not enough, for on April 26, Anslinger wrote a three-page letter to the New York district supervisor, to be circulated, in which he angrily rebutted six statements that Munch had made during his testimony in the *Friedman* case.

Anslinger contradicted Munch's testimony in detail, not only to determine how the Bureau would deal in their future relations with the pharmacologist, but also "for future reference in case Dr. Munch is again employed by defense counsel in New York or elsewhere..." So, by the spring of 1938, the commissioner was beginning to reap the harvest of '37. After all, if that Deadly Green Goddess was really the assassin of youth, then it was only logical that youthful users who committed mayhem were themselves victims of extenuating circumstances, since that dread Marihuana was the source of their frenzy.

And so the gore file was temporarily shelved, the 8 x 10 glossies of the victim of that brutal New Jersey murder—the one with the skull that resembled a rotten pomegranate—were filed under "Pulp—Bloody," and in 1938 the Bureau had realized that "no general rule could be evolved" with respect to the relationship between marijuana and crime, since the "physiological effects of marihuana are variable." And so did Anslinger's theories vary, a direct function of bureaucratic need.

March 3, 1978. Six o'clock in the evening. Sloman was in Washington, where he had just put in a solid week of eight to

"...we think that the effect of only one cigarette may possibly cause permanent damage."

five in the Drug Enforcement Agency library, poring over the old files of the Bureau of Narcotics. The next day he would travel to Baltimore, stopping there to interview an antimarijuana modern-day crusader before he would return home to New York.

On a whim he picked up the phone and dialed a number in suburban Maryland. Five rings later Dr. James Munch answered.

"Dr. Munch"—Sloman was flabbergasted to be talking to the man whose testimony in 1937 had helped to shape our drug history—"I'm finishing a book on the social history of marijuana—"

"I don't know nothing about it except I've only been at it about thirty years." It was the same voice Sloman had read about—the barking exuberance, bordering on the edge of mania.

"You testified at those famous 1937 hearings. What was it like?"

"Representative Doughtee [sic] of North Carolina, as I remember, was the man in charge of that particular work. And I worked with Harry Anslinger for some years before, had permission to raise the material and study it, which we did, growing it myself and checking it, trying it only once, which was enough for me—"

"That was a great paragraph you wrote about being at the bottom of an ink bottle for two hundred years," Sloman laughed.

Munch chuckled. "That's right, that was me."

"So you actually smoked once?"

"Yeah, I was curious, being a pharmacologist, and thought I'd try it once and see what it was all about before I let anybody else fool with it, and I found out that... well, you got the picture what happened to me there. Frankly, I've forgotten most of the details since then, but that's all right. Now, what happened was that when we started originally, cannabinal was supposed to be the active ingredient. But Wollner [Treasury Department chemist] and I, working with Anslinger and Joe Levine and the people at treasury, showed that cannabinal is not the only active ingredient. THC came much later. The general story is that there was a great variation in the potency of all the materials then on the market; so we arranged for Quimby to go down to Mississippi and grow various brands and various seeds down there for a dependable uniform source of material to be used by all research workers. And that is done, as you probably already know. And that made a constant reference instead of varying all over the map, as it had done before."

"Would you say at that time, say around the time of the hearings, that there was tremendous public awareness of marijuana?"

"Not in the United States. In England and in India, yes, and they were taking steps then to check the use of it. We followed the British and the Indians in that regard."

"But at that time, basically, we're talking about an American public that was pretty unaware of it and a Congress that really wasn't that sophisticated with respect to—"

Munch cut Sloman off. "That's right. It was being grown commercially in only one place in the United States, and that was down in Florence, South Carolina; so I went down and looked at the growing there and got some of the materials that I used in my studies for Harry Anslinger."

"Now, what about the illicit—"

Again the doctor jumped in. "Very little at that time."

"How about the stories like the *Li-cata* case and linking it with violence at that time?"

"That was mainly among Mexicans or people who were able to get the material smuggled out across the border from Mexico. Most of the crime committed in the early days—like the chap down in Florida who killed the hotel clerk, and the other chap who killed his parents—was by Mexicans who had gotten some of the material brought up from Maheekow."

"We now know that (marihuana) destroys will power, making a jellyfish of the user. He cannot say no."

"I'm trying to get some kind of sense of what sort of guy Anslinger was. I've talked to some people who worked with him in the old Bureau, but you had a long-term relationship with him. What kind of person was he?"

"Well, I found it good, because what had happened originally, I had shown that the injection of the saliva or urine of racehorses into the mice would cause definite symptoms in the mice within five minutes." *Anndddd* he's off. "That was one of my pets. Now the result was, Harry was much interested in that, and that's when I got acquainted with him—because of the doping of racehorses all over the country. So I developed the so-called mouse test—the biological test. The net result of that test on a few thousand horses was that if the horse had been given any improper medication within twenty-four hours, I could guess ninety percent of the time what the medication had been. I was wrong once in a while. But I was right one hundred percent in saying the horse had been doped or had not been doped."

"Now that was important, for when they're using a product like cocaine, for example, it decomposes in the body of the horse and is not present as cocaine; so a chemist would not spot that. But my mice show characteristic reactions of a cocaine derivative. So we built a mobile laboratory for the Maryland Racing Commission, and I had my associates come to Maryland, Boston, New Hampshire, Illinois, the state of Washington and a good many other places. The chemists didn't like me because I'd be taking money out of their pockets. They got twenty-five dollars

an assay; it took them three days to run one to find out what was there. Whereas, we went right out to the racetracks, got the sample directly from the saliva in the barns and tested immediately. And so we knew within five minutes."

"So that was the first time you had come in contact with Anslinger?"

"That's right. At that time we found that the smaller racetracks were busy using amphetamine and other things of that sort, and that about seven out of eight horses were being doped."

"That was a famous thing for him," Sloman recollected. "I remember going through Anslinger's archives, and he had at least twenty magazine articles about that thing with the horses. How did you get on to the marijuana research?"

"Well, at that, Doughtee [*sic*] made an approach to Harry Anslinger while we were doing the mouse-testing on racehorses, and Harry asked me to sit in with a chap named Wollner, who was a chemist for the treasury and adviser to the secretary of the treasury, and other chemists, to see what I could do from the pharmacological standpoint. So Harry invited me in because I'd been a saliva-test horsepert, to get in on the marijuana deal. Long story, you see."

"What kind of person was he?" Sloman tried anew.

"Very lovely. He had been in charge of alcohol tax before, and then they brought him in after the war. Now he'd been an ambassador to Venezuela and several foreign countries—very lovely person to work with, a little strict once in a while. He had to be."

"Strict in what way?" Sloman perked up.

"The law said this and now we're going to try to stick to the law. If there are going to be any exceptions, I want to know about them. Ordinarily, if the law said this, we're going to conform to the law, because Congress passed a law and we think we ought to enforce it.' He trained a number of chaps to succeed him. George Cunningham died. George White was out in California—he didn't want to come east—so we got a chap who lives on Hampshire Avenue—I'll think of his name in a minute; that's right, Giordano. He came in when Anslinger retired; then politics reared its ugly head and Giordano got out. And now, of course, I'm not commenting on what the situation is; I'm just keeping my mouth shut."

"I really admire the fact that before you got into the whole subject you tried it once. Do you know if anybody at the Bureau ever tried it?"

"I can't answer that. I think probably some of them did, but they never formally reported it to me. They might have reported it either to Harry or to Giordano."

"He never did it himself—Anslinger?" Sloman prodded.

"Not as far as I know. No, he didn't believe in that."

"He's a kind of straight-and-narrow guy?"

"Very much."

"So, are you still active?" Sloman changed the subject.

"Well, I'm a semiretired insultant," Munch cracked. "What I mean by that is, I'm retained by drug companies from time to time; right now I'm being retained by some lawyers in connection with medical malpractice suits."

"Have you kept up your interest in marijuana?"

"Well, there have been no marijuana cases that have retained me lately; everybody knows I've been opposed to the legalization of it, and I guess that's probably one reason I haven't been called in."

"What's your feeling about... HEW puts out statistics that say twenty-five million Americans smoke marijuana regularly—"

Munch scoffed. "That's from Du Pont and his crowd. I haven't checked up on them—"

"I told those figures to one of Anslinger's old lieutenants and he said, 'Boy, that really scares me; I don't like to hear that.'"

"I know; well, none of us do." Munch shuddered.

"Do you still think marijuana is such a dangerous drug?"

"Yes. In overdose."

"Well, what's—"

"Overdose would vary with the individual involved, because in some cases, one cigarette could be an overdose, and in others, they might smoke half a dozen and still not show any effects."

"How about the theory in the '50s that marijuana was the first step toward using other drugs—eventually heroin?"

"Well, it was all right in the '50s. I don't think it has any standing now though," Munch admitted. "A lot of those earlier theories were just good theories, and we had to try and explain them somehow. The same way that we now have about a million high-school girls who are pregnant every year. Now if you... why do they want to get pregnant?"

Sloman was stumped. "I don't know. What's your theory?"

Munch chuckled. "I don't know."

There's no relation to marijuana. Now don't get me on that."

"But those marijuana figures are staggering, and if you do a little research into the historical ways marijuana has been used—" Sloman began to lecture, but was cut off by the pharmacologist, who was shouting to someone in the room.

"Just a minute—your stuff is boiling; your stuff is boiling! I have to stop and get my dinner here. I'm sorry, I didn't get your name."

"Larry Sloman," the reporter answered.

"Well, if I can be of any help, I'll be glad to hear from you, and if you publish something, I'd be glad to get a copy of it; anything else you want, you just drop me a note, okay, Harry?"

Larry agreed and hung up the phone, and started thinking about how he was going to spend Friday night in Washington.

But if Anslinger was moving, as early as 1937, to defuse marijuana as a social issue, there was one area where he would still collect case histories, compile charts and maintain that marijuana was a menace. That, of course, occurred during his yearly visit to the Appropriations Hearings, where the budget of the Bureau had to be justified. As late as the December 1936 hearings for the 1938 budget, Anslinger was still lauding the states' handling of the problem. However, at the first meeting after the tax act was passed—which ironically fell on December 14, 1937, the same day Anslinger circulated that memo calling for a reduction in the number of "petty" marijuana cases brought up—he ruefully noted the additional burden marijuana enforcement meant to his Bureau.

On January 23, 1939, Anslinger again appeared to testify about the proposed 1940 budget. Again marijuana was the commissioner's whipping boy, and this time he stressed the large eradication program that the Bureau had undertaken.

However, during cross-examination, Anslinger was almost temperate in his discussion on marijuana, in line with his new policy to downplay the sensationalism surrounding the drug.

MR. LUDLOW: About how many cigarettes is it necessary to smoke to become an addict, if that is known?

MR. ANSLINGER: I do not know whether there is such a thing as a marihuana addict. We do not know whether they become addicted to it. It seems that

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they can quit after they have smoked 1 or 100 marijuana cigarettes. The effect upon the individual is difficult to determine, but we think that the effect of only one cigarette may possibly cause permanent damage.

MR. LUDLOW: You would not call marijuana a habit-forming drug?

MR. ANSLINGER: No, sir; it is generally agreed that marijuana is not a habit-forming drug. There have been a few cases wherein the withdrawal of the drug has produced symptoms similar to those produced by heroin and morphine, but those cases are few. In other cases men have smoked marijuana from 10 to 20 years and yet fail to show any ill effects. On the other hand, we know cases where people have smoked only a few cigarettes and, as a result, became mentally deranged.

It was obviously incredibly difficult for Anslinger to restrain his bloodlust and talk dispassionately about the former assassin of youth. In fact, every few years the old Anslinger would momentarily reemerge, and the shark would bite with those pearly whites. In the 1940 "Traffic in Opium" report, an annual PR tome which was designed as much for the Appropriations Committee as anyone, Anslinger dipped once more into the gore bucket and showcased the case of Eleutero Gonzalez.

The murders and suicide described in the following cases are typical of the crimes associated with marijuana:

Near Del Rio, Tex., on September 11, 1940, one Eleutero Gonzalez allegedly while under the influence of marijuana, shot to death two women and then committed suicide in a manner which indicated that he was bereft of all reasoning. A description of the crimes was contained in the Sheriffs' Association of Texas Magazine for September 1940, excerpts of which are quoted:

"...The Gonzalez case was one of the most brutal that Del Rio has seen in many years...The young women were shot to death...The killer, probably maddened in the realization of the magnitude and horribleness of his crime...literally sliced himself to bits about the abdomen, around the heart and throat..."

It was the opinion of the law enforcement officers that Gonzalez was under the influence of marijuana at the time of the double murder and suicide. They also believed that he had previously used marijuana. A handful of marijuana was found in Gonzalez' room after the tragedy. It was the opinion of the doctor who saw Gonzalez just before he died, that no

one could have mutilated himself as Gonzalez was mutilated, unless he was unable to feel "shock" and the only thing he knew that would produce such a condition, to such a degree, is marihuana... Indications were that Gonzalez had wandered around in the fields for hours after the killing and after his self-mutilation.

But, for the most part, Anslinger managed to suppress his fetish and instead came armed, year in and year out, with figures of arrests, kilograms seized, fields eradicated, etc. And always it was the marijuana problem, no longer deranged killers or debauched youth, but fields and fields and fields of old, carelessly sown birdseed that matured into potential troublestalks, that Anslinger used as a shield to keep his appropriations from being slashed.

But the marijuana problem seemed to be a public relations problem. Anslinger's dilemma was that he needed an identifiable social type, i.e., dope fiend, crazed mass-murderer, deranged youth, who could summon up all the latent Calvinistic tendencies in the American populace and move them to action against the problem. However, as his 1937 experience showed, this new villain should not be too horrifying or a new panic would sweep the country and demand better enforcement of the laws. Clearly, murderous Mexicans were passé and fallow fields of abandoned hemp just were not cutting it. But, beginning in 1938, Anslinger was starting to receive reports from the sticks about a new phenomenon surrounding marijuana use. A new social group was taking to the drug, cohorts who were basically retreatist in their orientation to society, not very aggressive as individuals, and obsessed with a dedication to their craft that made them easy prey for a public relations-minded enforcer. They were fun-loving, hedonistic, naive sorts, and their openness made them tall targets for systematic infiltration by agents with the intent of creating a crime situation where no victim could be identified. By 1945 Anslinger and his crew had their new enemies. Only this time the murderers were jazz musicians, and their weapons were their horns. □

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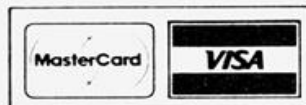
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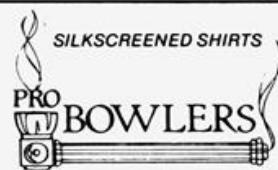
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468 CANADIAN WHISKEY CAUSES MORE damage in the U.S. than the pollutants from U.S. industry into the air over Canada.

Neil Tostensen, president
of Ohio Mining and
Reclamation Assn.,
Toronto Clarion, May 6, 1983

469 SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 22 (UPI)—Young women who smoke run 17 times the risk of developing cervical cancer than nonsmokers, according to a University of Utah study.

New York Times, May 23, 1983

470 WHEN AN OVERSEER IN THE SOUTH will deliberately put cocaine into the rations of his Negro laborers in order to get more work out of them to meet a sudden emergency, it is time to have some policy of accounting for the sale of a drug like cocaine.

Dr. Charles B. Towns,
Century Magazine, 1912

471 THE [U.S.] SENATE IS A DIGNIFIED and decorous body, and its proceedings are conducted with much gravity and order. Both houses are handsomely carpeted; but the state to which these carpets are reduced by the universal disregard of the spittoon with which every honorable member is accommodated, and the extraordinary improvements on the pattern which are squirted and dabbled upon it in every direction, do not admit of being described. I will merely observe, that I strongly recommend all strangers not to look at the floor; and if they happen to drop anything, though it be their purse, not to pick it up with an ungloved hand on any account.

It is somewhat remarkable, too, at first, to say the least, to see so many honorable members with swelled faces; and it is scarcely less remarkable to discover that this appearance is caused by the quantity of tobacco they contrive to stow within the hollow of the cheek. It is strange enough too, to see an honorable gentleman leaning back in his tilted chair with his legs on the desk before him, shaping a convenient "plug" with his penknife, and when it is quite ready for use, shooting the old one from his mouth, as from a pop-gun, and clapping the new one in its place.

I was surprised to observe that even steady old chewers of great experience, are not always good marksmen, which has rather inclined me to doubt that general proficiency with the rifle, of which we have heard so much in England. Several gentlemen called upon me who, in the course of conversation, frequently missed the spittoon at five paces; and one (but he was certainly short-sighted) mistook the closed sash for the open window, at three. On another occasion, when I dined out, and was sitting with two ladies and some gentlemen round a fire before dinner, one of the company fell short of the fireplace, six distinct times. I am disposed to think, however, that this was occasioned by his not aiming at that object; as there was a white marble hearth before the fender, which was more convenient, and may have suited his purpose better.

Charles Dickens,
American Notes, 1842

472 "DO YOU HAVE A MARIHUANA CIGARETTE?" asked Vivida as we lounged on the deck chair the next day in the boiling sun.

"Marihuana? What's that?"

"You know," said Vivida, "Marihuana... Kunubu, Kunnapu, Cannabis, Kannabis, Konnab, Kinab, Kon-nab, Kannab, Kanub, Kinnab, Quinnab, Konneb, Quennab, Quinnaq, Qinnab, Kenneb, Alcanque, Kinnabis, Kinnub, Kannab, Kanop, Kanaq, Ranob, Canapa, Kanep, Canep, Konopj, Konople, Konopli, Konoplia, Canapa, Canappa, Canamo, Canhamo, Canamazo, Kanas, Kas, Hen-neb, Hen-nab, Hennip, Hennup, Hampa, Hamp, Kamp, Kemp, Hemp, Hanf, Cannabis Indica, Cannabis sativa, Kandir, Bhang, Bangué, Banga, Bhang, Bhang, Banga, Bang, Beng, Benghin, Benj, Bendj, Ganja, Ganjica, Gangika, Ganga, Ginji, Ginjeh, Guinnjeh, Gindsche, Gunjag, Guaza, Hashischa, Hasheesh, Hashish, Haschisch, Hachache, Hachaichi, Hadschi, Azallu, Subjee, shesh, Assis, Axis, Assyuni, Asarath, Nasha, Anascha, Asa, Dakka, Dakha, Dacha, Dakka, Dakkan, Dagga, Djamba, Diamba, Jamba, Riamba, Damba, Kanedir, Kanabira, Kendir, Kender, Kennevir, Kenevir, Kentyr, Butt, Cadaneh, Cansjava, Chanvre, Chenevis, Chut-sao, Chu-Tsao, Chu-Tso, Hursuni, Indrasans, Jia, Intsangu, Keff, Kif, Kief, Kinif, Kerp, Kharaneq, Sharaneq, Shanareq, Sja-

rank, Sheera, Ma, Ma-yo, Ta-ma, Si-ma, Tse-ma, Maguen, El Mogen, Malach, Mos-jusck, Masconha, Marijuana, Mariguana, Marajuana, Matakwane, Mnoana, Muto-kwana, Opishnu, Penek, Pienka, Penka, Rongoyne, Sejav, Ahets-mangha, Fasukh, Vijaya, Teriaki, Tekrowia, Takrousi, Tak-tut, Takruri, Takrouri, Tekrouri, Assis, Berch, Bernavi, Bernaouy, Bers, Bosa, Charas, Chiras, Churus, Churrus, Chira, Marihuana Pura, Gard, Rup, Taghalim, Ganja, Gabza, Momea, Shahjehani, Mashak, Bhara, Dust, Chastry, Chatzraki, Chastry, Chinty, Dawamesc, Dawamesck, Kawamesc, Diamoschum, Diamusch, Diamesch, Diamesk, Dyasmouck, Esrar, Extract of Hemp, The Emerald Cup of Haider, Garawisch, Hachich-Kafour, Hachich, Hafiou, Hafioun, Hashish Oil, Cooked Hashish, Maju, Majum, Tadhil, Majoon, Madjoon, Majoom, Madjun, Madjoun, Magi-oun, Majoan, Mapuchari, Mapouchari, Mapouchair, Maslac, Nasha, Ma'agoun, manzoul, manjoun, haloua, masmoch, malak, Maranguango, Juanita, Doña Juanita, Maria Johanna, Rosa Maria, Nabutul qunnab, Siddhi, Subji, Patti, Ganje-kuper, gur, siddhi, sabzi, phulganja, Savia, Sukhu, Sidhi, Sabza, Thandai, Siddhi, Sabzi, Subzee, Darakte-bang, Darakhte-kinnab, Darakte-Bang, Nabatul-Qunnab, Muggles, Mooter, Reefers, Greefa, Griffo, Mary Warner, Mary Weaver, Mary Jane, Indian Hay, Loco Weed, Love Weed, Joy-Smoke, Giggie-Smoke, Bamba-lacha, Mohasky, Mu, Moocah, The Weed, Grass, Tea, Ea-Tay, Eed-Way, Eed-Waggles.

"No," I said.

"Then I guess we'll have to do without," she replied.

(It was thus that I learned that Vivida was a teahound.)

from *Call Me Adam*,
Tuli Kupferberg, 1962

473 REALITY IS AN ILLUSION PRODUCED by alcoholic deficiency.
graffito, Newcastle, England,
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474 EVEN THOUGH THE WORLD IS IN crisis, Fidel Castro, the Bearded Beast of Cuba, still tosses his marijuana, cocaine and below-teenage girl parties in Havana.

National Enquirer,
Oct. 23, 1960

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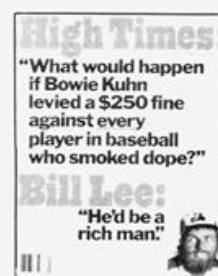
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MARTY BALIN

Once again the Jefferson Airplane/Starship's ex-psychedelic crooner boldly charts a solo path to the top of the charts.



EMI/America

Marty Balin is a rare rock 'n' roll star—a singer who manages to maintain a low profile without being soporifically “mellow.” In the past, music industry insiders have tagged the Jefferson Airplane founder a loner, calling him his own worst enemy because he's not afraid to walk away from situations that look like bullshit even if it costs him money. Balin doesn't care what people think of his moves, which is partly what makes him great, and partly what prompts his reputation. Nobody believed he would leave the Airplane at the height of that band's career, but he did. When the revamped Jefferson Starship asked Balin to join up in his old role and he turned *that* group into America's top-selling band, nobody thought he would repeat his disappearing act. But he did.

Marty has planned his moves carefully since then, shopping around for a solo record deal that resulted in his first solo album, *Balin*, which included the hit single “Hearts,” and a new record, *Lucky*, recorded with a crack L.A. session-cast produced by Val Garay. “It was the first time I've ever done the L.A. session players and worked with a top producer,” Balin explains, “where I wasn't in control of my own sessions and I had to do what the producer wanted me to do. I had a lot of fun and I learned a lot of things during the making of it.

“This is a pretty live record,” Balin continues. “Everything was done at the same time. I sang while the band played and the horns played, and the background singers were on both sides of me, they sang when I sang. That's why Val wanted to work with me, because he knew I could do that in front of a band and not get freaked out in the studio. It's like being an actor and the director has this idea of how to use you in this part and you do it.”

Balin's self-confidence is the key to his success. “I know what I'm capable of doing,” he likes to point out. “When I decided to make myself available to go back with the Airplane, or Starship, whatever they call it, I offered my services to Hot Tuna as well. I told them I'd give them a number-one album too—all they had to do was let me write the songs and do the singing. We could even call it *Hot Tuna: #1*. But nah, those guys are purists. They've got no sense of humor. That's the trouble with everybody these days, no sense of humor.”

Marty is right when he says he knows

what he's capable of. He knew what he was doing when he formed the Jefferson Airplane in 1965 as a mutant folk group (“I had been playing folk music because it was big then, but before that I played rock 'n' roll, and before that I played R&B, and before that it was another rock 'n' roll band, and before that I was a stand-up comic, and before that I was in a gang where we sang all the vocal R&B numbers on the street or in alleys or wherever...”).

Balin fashioned the group as a vehicle for close-fitting three-part harmonies, pitting his own voice against a female vocalist, Signe Anderson, and developing a closer affinity to the Beatles, Byrds and the Mamas and the Papas than to latter-day psychedelia. But it was with the second album, *Surrealistic Pillow*, that things began to happen, as drummer Skip Spence was replaced by Spencer Dryden, and Grace Slick, fresh from another San Francisco group called the Great Society, replaced Signe Anderson.

Two monster singles, “Somebody to Love” and “White Rabbit,” brought the album to number two, only to be stopped by the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper*. The singles determined the band's basic approach, which had taken shape between the first two albums and had as much to do with a developing vision as the two additional members. The mutant folk harmony of the first album, cauterized by the addition of Slick's incredibly distinctive octave-soaring soprano, was kicked along by a firebrand instrumental barrage—Dryden slamming away counterbeats all over the place, forcing the band into more adventurous time signatures while bassist Jack Casady and guitarist Jorma Kaukonen fused a metal electric drone that buzzed the band forward on equal parts Yardbirds metal funk and hallucinogenic fury. “White Rabbit” was the perfect formula—a methodical, foreboding march of a bass line that surged like a demonic bolero as the song built in intensity, winding itself so tight that the climax became the threat of it bursting its seams.

The band at this point was dominated by Balin, who wrote or cowrote most of the material and delivered most of the lead vocals in his sinuous, alternately riveting R&B shout and soothing ballad styles. With Marty in the driver's seat, the album represents the group's collaborative high point. The subtle opener, written by Balin and Kaukonen, “She Has Funny Cars,” coupled with Balin's “3/5ths of a Mile in 10 Seconds” and

“Plastic Fantastic Lover,” defines the Airplane's rock 'n' roll sound. Balin's folk-ballad style was never better represented than on “Today” and “Comin' Back to Me,” while Kaukonen's acoustic guitar instrumental, “Embryonic Journey,” presaged his later efforts on the first, acoustic, Hot Tuna album. Paul Kantner also contributed a folksy number called “D.C.B.A.—25” which contained the germs of imagery that would later come to dominate the group's vision. But it was Slick's presence—and the two anthems she imported from the Great Society—that pushed the band over the top.

At this point, the Airplane was the best known of the San Francisco bands who came to prominence during and after the summer of 1967—the Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Country Joe and the Fish, Moby Grape, the Steve Miller Band, Big Brother and the Holding Company. These groups represented the first serious grassroots musical challenge American rock 'n' roll countered with after the impact of the English bands of the early to mid-'60s, led by the popularity of the Beatles and the Stones and the techno/musical influence of bands like the Yardbirds and the Who. *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and *Surrealistic Pillow* were definitive pop manifestos for English and American head music, made by and for the inspirational credo of acid rock while still being “commercial.”

But the chaos implicit in this vision, especially the American version, inevitably led to a form of expression that was considered somewhat anticommercial. The Jefferson Airplane's concerts sounded nothing like *Surrealistic Pillow*—they were seamless events in which the band and the audience were played by *the music itself*; it was the *feeling* of the event which transcended all other considerations. The science-fiction myth that developed through acid-realized apocalypse implied the need to create a dimensional escape from an uninhabitable “reality,” an escape where musicians and audience took their chances together.

The third Jefferson Airplane album, *After Bathing at Baxter's*, attempted to capture the live experience on record, a dramatic reversal from the relative marketability of *Surrealistic Pillow*. The album takes up where the rock 'n' roll side of *Pillow* leaves off; its opening, a gut-wrenching, feedback-laden rush to glory called “The Ballad of You, Me and Pooneil,” was released as the

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album's single.

Marty Balin had started the group with a vague idea and let it go from there. He molded their first steps into overt rock on *Pillow*, but the rest of the band took over after that. Balin recalls his handling of the Airplane with a simple analogy: "I like to create something and watch it die—like when I used to paint and people would say they liked a painting, I wouldn't stop, I'd just keep painting it until it was destroyed. It's organic. After a certain point with the band, everybody wanted to do their own thing, so I just stood back and watched it die. If they think they can do it better, let them try, they might come up with something interesting."

So, as Kaukonen and Casady metaleled into the fourth dimension, and Kantner began to write songs about it, Balin settled down into a lower profile, concentrating on vocals, and writing less and less material for the band. Most of the attention was being focused on Grace Slick, and in the resultant Joplin/Slick publicity, Balin, though still carrying the group by his personal momentum, became an almost invisible figure.

But Balin was the fulcrum on which the ever-widening moments of the Jefferson Airplane turned. "There were factions," he explains. "One time there was an odd split. Grace and Paul told me I could get rid of Jack and Jorma and they'd work with me, and Jorma and Jack told me I could get rid of Grace and Paul and they'd work with me." They carried their vision of a drug-enlightened army marching into the teeth of the apocalypse at the band's clarion call, and became, along with the Grateful Dead, the sole bulwarks against the backlash of cynicism and acid fascism that followed in the wake of the naive idealism that spawned them. Their fourth album, *Crown of Creation*, stepped back from the adventuresome *Baxter's*, but a subsequent live recording, *Bless Its Pointed Little Head*, showcases the event at a glorious apogee. They had to believe in themselves, in the free concerts that demonstrated their need to place the music which played both the band and the audience together above all else, and it was Balin, with his tough, uncompromising singleness of purpose, who led the way.

The image that comes to mind—of Balin at his most intense moment, refusing to give up the ghost that was fast becoming a Quaalude android marching to the demonic call of Black Sabbath straight into the jaws of hell—comes from the Altamont "free festival," or-

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ganized by the Rolling Stones and documented in the film *Gimme Shelter*. The tension at Altamont created by the clash of images—the Stones' carefully evoked cynical demonism in the free-festival setting—was resolved in a hideous betrayal of the acid-community ideal when Hell's Angels, urged on by the knowledge that they embodied the Stones myth in a way no skinny limey musician ever could, broke their strange truce with the audiences that followed the Airplane and the Dead and dissolved the dream into a terror-filled nightmare. This event, which teetered on the cusp of the new decade, provides a convenient landmark for the death of the acid ideal. Altamont became, not the symbol of the apocalypse, but the cutting-off point after which the apocalypse myth had no more validity, and the postapocalypse world, symbolized by the Stones' professional, cynical decadence and the graveyard soundtrack of Black Sabbath, ruled all.

The Jefferson Airplane played at Altamont during the afternoon, and the chaos which would put the lie to all they tried to build surged around them as the band played "The Other Side of This Life" and seemed engulfed by the developing bad feeling of the event. Bikers with pool cues walled the front of the stage and slammed any tripsters moved enough by the music to dare follow through the impulse to ride it into the sun. Balin, tough and concerned about this breach of community and incursion into the Airplane vision, began to yell from the stage; then, when he could see no change in attitude, jumped into the midst of the Angels for a show of force on their own terms. After some scuffling, he was knocked out and the Airplane looked completely helpless. Kantner announced that the Angels had just knocked their lead singer cold and this was not right, and Slick crooned "Cool out, coooool out, people" as Dryden tried to keep things going with a drum solo. Weaknesses exposed, the Airplane were shown up that afternoon, fragile as the myth that they helped sustain, but even in the middle of it, Marty Balin would not just stand there and mope—if his dream was being washed out in the Dover beach undertow, he would go down fighting.

Powerful as the image remains, Marty chalks it up these days to sentimentality, saying with characteristically good-natured candor, "Altamont didn't change anything, it was just the press that played up that end of it. It's you guys

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

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who try to come around and try to place everything in 'history—people end up believing that's what really happened. It takes a musician to come along and set all that stuff right again.

"Sure I jumped off the stage at Altamont," he cracks, "and I took out six guys while I was down there. I was pretty drunk, and felt like fighting a little bit, but I couldn't believe all those people were just sitting there watching these six guys beat the shit out of some kid, scared because they had Hell's Angels jackets on. If all those people had just moved on those guys all at once and tossed them away, it would have been beautiful, but that crowd was really nowhere. I just jumped down in the middle of it and one of the Angels said, 'Look out, Marty, you're gonna get hurt,' but I fought 'em for a while and then jumped back onstage and started singing again. Then when I had my back turned another one of 'em started in on the kid again and I started fighting again and that's where I got into trouble."

As I'm about to ask him if the Angels had done that at other Airplane concerts, he adds, "When I was playing with Bodacious, we were doing a gig at a small club in California and suddenly I hear all these motorcycles pulling up outside the place and I figured we were in for trouble. A whole bunch of Angels came in and started saying '...liked your movie, man...' and I thought I was gonna get the shit beat outta me, but we played a good set and everybody partied and we had a good time."

Balin's desire to fight when all else failed provided the theme for the last real Jefferson Airplane album, *Volunteers*. His title song, coupled with "We Can Be Together," was a last-ditch effort to mobilize the community that the group's very existence seemed predicated on and without which they would lose their identity. It was 1970, the year of the Cambodian incursion, the moratorium and the generation's high point of political activity in its crusade against Nixon, and the Airplane's call was its most overt, probably because it was a last gasp:

"We are all outlaws in the eyes of America..."

"And we are very proud of ourselves..."

The weekend before the march on Washington, called in retaliative fury after the Kent State massacre, the Airplane played their most triumphant weekend of concerts at the Fillmore East in New York. "Volunteers" was, for the moment, a shining battle cry, and

the crowd surged to its feet, arms raised in the closed-fist salute to resistance as Marty leaned over the stage front, carried away by the power of the song, climaxing it with the frenzied cry to "Fight back! Fight back!" But this was about as far as a band can take their politics—in the wake of tear gas and broken heads, the rallying cry rang only disillusion. It was, after all, post-apocalypse, and the Airplane, as we knew it, was obsolete.

No one was more disappointed than Balin. He knew the group had been considered one of the best American rock bands, and he felt a responsibility to justify their reputation. He wanted them to rehearse, and he wanted the Jefferson Airplane to make the great album he feels they never really came up with. "I never felt the group recorded my songs the way I wanted them. Everyone had their own ego to take care of—Jorma would do his tune and get some guy to come in and sing about it just because he was ballin' Jorma's old lady. But the Airplane should have sat back, gone on tour, rehearsed and put together the heaviest American album, one that nobody would have come close to. We could've worked out some harmonies with practice that would've been shattering—it used to happen naturally onstage at times, but we never rehearsed the live stuff, either. Everybody had their own ego to deal with, which is fine, but I've got the biggest ego of them all and I'm gonna satisfy it."

So Balin shocked everybody by walking out cold. There were other reasons—the Grunt Records deal had just been signed with RCA; it called for the group and its offshoots to produce 11 albums in three years. Balin's seventh-part ownership of the company was the group's only real representation in it, and when he complained that putting out so many albums in such a short time would stretch quality too thin, he was squeezed out. He was also deeply disappointed by some poor performances the band gave in San Francisco, which turned off many hometown fans. Paul Kantner would later challenge Balin's criticism of the Airplane's musical direction: "...a lot of the reason he left the band [was] paranoia about what's going on and not being able to deal with it. Marty always wanted to be Otis and that was part of his problem. He saw Otis Redding at Monterey and wanted to be Otis Redding in a reasonable sort of way and wanted us to be Otis Redding's band, that tight Steve Cropper

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YOUR SUMMER VIEWING GUIDE

James Bond, Cheech and Chong, Princess Leia and a rehabilitated Norman Bates are just some of the characters that will be romping through your neighborhood movie houses this summer.

Octopussy (D: John Glen. Sc: George MacDonald Fraser, R. Maibaum and M.G. Wilson. With Roger Moore, Maud Adams and Louis Jourdan)—There seems to be no way to predict quality on the James Bond series: not by director (Lewis Gilbert's *The Spy Who Loved Me* was excellent, his *Moonraker* a clunker and Guy Hamilton has never done anything half as good as *Goldfinger* since), not by original novel (they all get substantially changed) and not by star (Sean Connery, Roger Moore—and even George Lazenby—have all been in

Bond gems, and Moore and Connery in Bond bombs as well). For the record, my own favorites are *Goldfinger*, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, *From Russia with Love* (depending on my mood) and the current one, *Octopussy*.

Right from the first five minutes—an incredible piece of Cuban daredevilry with a collapsible mini-plane—you know *Octopussy* will be one of the good ones (even though its antinuclear-freeze politics are a tough pill to quaff). Every way a Bond movie can bring you

pleasure, this one does. The action is spectacular, the women gorgeous, the Indian and German scenery sumptuous, the pacing breakneck (director John Glen learned his craft well on the old second units). Best of all are the wisecracks and sight gags. This is one of the wittiest of the Bond scripts (perhaps due to coscenarist George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" novels and Richard Lester's *Three Musketeers*). When Louis Jourdan—as contemptible arch-villain Kamal—turns to superthug Gobinda, after unsuccessfully trying to





Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker.

shake and mad-dive Bond off the top of his plane, and says, "Go out there and get him off" with the weary manner of a man who has just been served an overdone crepe... you know you're in the presence of some kind of weird pop pseudo-genius; perhaps Noel Coward crossed with Flash Gordon and the Spirit. (And, speaking of Coward, we're reminded once again of the wisdom of his counsel to the young Roger Moore: "My boy, for an actor of your talent, I have one piece of advice: Always take the job that pays the most money.")

Return of the Jedi (D: Richard Marquand. Sc: George Lucas, Lawrence Kasdan. With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher and the voice of James Earl Jones)—I doubt if George Lucas pays any attention at all to *HIGH TIMES*—by all accounts he seems to be the sort of stay-at-home, straight-arrow type who might look upon these pages with horror. But in case he does—*Are you out there, George? Do you hear me?* I have a message for you: *George, this has got to stop! You've got to conquer yourself! You can't crumble anymore before these foolish traumas! You've got to drag yourself back out there on the set! THIS CAN'T GO ON ANY LONGER!*

That's good advice, probably the best advice anybody's given him lately. But do you think he'll listen to it? Probably not. In the first six days of its run, *Return of the Jedi*, Lucas's latest movie and chapter 3 (or 6, depending on how you're

counting) of the continuing *Star Wars* saga, grossed over 40 million dollars. (And in Hollywood, as it's been proven over and over again, money talks and bullshit walks.) It'll take more than one lonely voice crying in the wilderness of Columbus Circle to convince Megabucks George that he's destroying his own series by his refusal to direct; by abandoning the reins ever since the first *Star Wars* tapped into a motherlode of the American fantasy subconscious back in 1977.

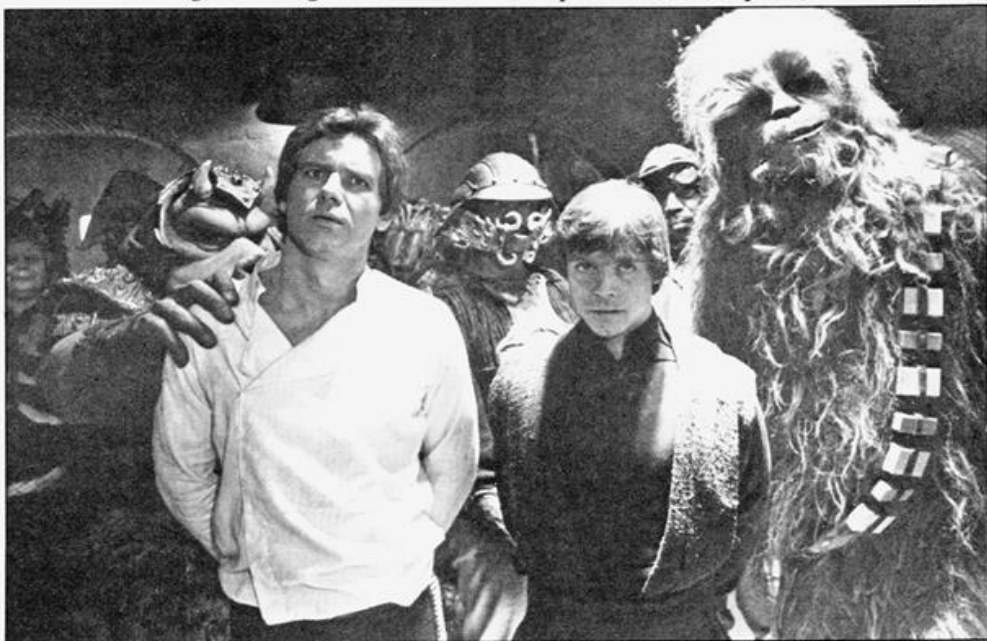
Lucas hasn't directed since. It seems possible he will never direct again. Instead, he produces, writes original story ideas, works on scripts. He's become the overseer, the mogul, the boss; and his directors—from Irvin Kershner to Steven Spielberg to *Jedi*'s Richard Marquand—have become hired hands, executing his specifications. Lucas has become a living slap at the entire auteur theory, the '60s elevation of the film director to godhead.

And the movies have begun to suffer for it. It would be foolish to deny that *Return of the Jedi* is entertaining: it wraps up the first of three projected *Star Wars* trilogies in appropriately slam-bang fashion; ties up every loose end; offers a cornucopia and explosion of special effects; and finishes off with a hair-raising three-cornered space battle—which somewhat resembles a combination of the world's most elaborate video game, a last stand in Tolkien's *Hobbitland* and an electronic samurai swordfight interspersed with theological debates. The movie is cute and fast and spectacular.

But something's missing, and I think

it's Lucas. These are *his* ideas, after all, *his* concept. Why has he developed such an aversion to executing them on the set? Compared to *Star Wars*, *Return of the Jedi* is, at times, cold and uninvolved and perfunctory. *The Empire Strikes Back* had that problem too, but since the whole *scale* of the production had increased greatly, it kept its grip. Try as I might, I never got the impression that director Marquand really gave a damn about all these people and Ewoks; that he was anything more than distantly amused at all the colorful conceits, and respectful about doing his job properly. *American Graffiti* and *THX-1138* and the original *Star Wars* are—whatever else you can say about them—pretty warm and emotional movies. None of Lucas's movies since he began his voluntary self-exile have touched them on that level. They've gotten bigger and more grandiose, but each successive one seems more emotionally dehydrated, emptier of character, more cartoonish and inflated.

It's unfortunate that in Marquand, Lucas might have found his coldest director; because the conception is his hottest. With the revelations that Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia are the son and daughter of nefarious Darth Vader; and with the subsequent battle between Luke and the Emperor over Vader's soul, the whole saga takes a quantum leap in emotional intensity—or rather, it *should* take that quantum leap. The absence of emotional involvement sometimes makes a film seem sentimental (Norman Mailer's definition of sentimentality: the emotional promiscuity of the basically unemotional), and



Left: James Bond catches a train.

Right: The Force guys face the bad guys.

Return of the Jedi at times drowns in sentimentality and a mind of icy bathos. There's so much spectacular action and video effects that I doubt it bothers the audience much—but it *should*. Lucas ends *Jedi* with a group shot of the movie's good guys, and it's like the snapshots at the climax of *American Graffiti*—a fond reprise of the whole gang back together again. But there's no kicker this time because these characters haven't really connected with each other since their first time out together. They've become stars going through their paces. Come back, George. Money isn't everything.

Still Smokin' (D: T. Chong. Sc: R. "Cheech" Marin and T. Chong. With Cheech & Chong)—*Still Smokin'* is the latest in the continuing saga of America's favorite dopers, the ineffable Cheech and Chong. It's the fifth, or maybe the sixth or fourth, gotta get straight here, lemme see... in a cycle that might be called... Hey! *Score Wars: The Continuing Saga of Toke Mindfuck-er, Han Soper and Princess Lude!* (Yeah, I know that's awful, but if you think *that's* a bad pun, how can Cheech get away with "E.T.: Eddie Torrez, the Extra-Testicle"?) This time out, our heroes have decided to take it easy. They play themselves: a pair of amiably blitzed dope movie superstars, mistakenly invited to an incredibly misman- aged Burt Reynolds-Dolly Parton film festival in Amsterdam, who then bail out the organizers with their first live stage performance in years.

Actually, we have two movies here: *Doping under the Dikes* in Amsterdam, and a (mostly) live concert reprise of *The Best of Cheech and Chong*. I would have been happier if they'd stuck with one or the other: for instance, done a whole movie satirizing film festivals and themselves (in which case they might have gotten something as interesting—and maybe as unpopular—as Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*); and then done a separate live-concert film, à la Richard Pryor. *Still Smokin'* (in comparison with a great comedy like *Nice Dreams*) looks slapped together—the equivalent of rock albums like the Stones' *Flowers* or the Beatles' *Something New*: a few old gags, a few new ones, packaged fast and loose to get new seasonal product. That doesn't mean it's bad (any more than *Flowers* or *Something New* is bad)—just left-handed.

In fact, since there are so many



Cheech and Chong sample the crop in Amsterdam.

sketches, the pair's spooky chemistry and genius for mimicry and whacked-out social satire is shown off a little better than when they stick to two or four characters and a vague plotline. My favorite moments: the reprise of Ralph and Herbie and Blind Melon Chitlin'; the Dope-a-Thon with Cheech as a finger-snapping "Eeeyooww!" hipster emcee; Chong as "Hairy Palms," the raincoated, furtive-fingered winner of the International Masturbation Championships; and a tense little melodrama with Chong as a Canadian narc, and Cheech in a truly funky impression of Richard Pryor disguised as a Rastafarian dealer. *Eeeyooww!!*

Psycho II (D: Richard Franklin. Sc: Tom Holland. With Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles and Meg Tilly)—*Psycho II* seems like a horrible idea for a movie. Norman Bates back at the Bates Motel—cured—after 22 years? Marion Crane's relatives trying to drive him nuts? Mysterious notes from Norman's "mother"? More corpses in the swamp? More blood-spattered knives? Give me a break! But *Psycho II* is not so much a new "splatter movie" (the gory genre spawned by its ancestor) as another nightmare comedy. It depends for most of its laughs on our awareness of the original—as when Norman gets the shakes seeing a bread knife, or brewing tea or just walking upstairs at the Bates "mansion." The movie was shot on the original Universal *Psycho* set, and director Richard Franklin occasionally repeats Hitchcock's original setups and shot plans almost frame for frame. Anthony Perkins and Vera

Miles are back as Norman and Lila Crane (with Perkins just as brilliant as he was in 1960); and Janet Leigh is back too, in a clip from the legendary "shower" scene. (However, Leigh's daughter, the ravishing Jamie Lee Curtis, refused a part that was obviously written for her—an absence that hurts the movie.) In a way, *Psycho II* is just more star-struck Hitch-mongering (like De Palma at his worst); that the movie works at all—and it sometimes does—is a tribute to the ingenious triple-reverse twist at the climax, and the talent of director Franklin, who does a good pastiche of Hitch's tight, Jesuitical, hair-raising camera style.

Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai de Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles (D-Sc: Chantal Ackerman. With Delphine Seyrig)—*Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai de Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles* (for convenience sake we'll shorten that title to *Jeanne Dielman* from here on in) is one of the most fascinatingly off-trail films to come out of Europe in years. Shot in 1975 by the then-26-year-old female Belgian director Chantal Ackerman (but distributed here only recently), it is almost defiantly unconventional. It violates even the usual tenets of the avant garde: shocking juxtapositions, camera angles or content. This is the story of a divorcee and mother, stultifyingly conventional, who supports her young son and herself by a little afternoon prostitution. The film spans a period of several days, during the course of which she crumbles emotionally (or according to a different perspective becomes emotionally liber-

ated) and winds up killing one of her tricks. Ackerman's style is incredibly austere: she makes Robert Bresson look like Bob Fosse. The film lasts three and a half hours, and consists mostly of Jeanne's household chores, often shown in one take with minimal editing. (At one point we see Jeanne and her son eating soup, wordlessly, their hands moving like metronomes. The camera doesn't move, there isn't a single cut and we actually watch them slurp up every drop of the soup.) In this atmosphere even the slightest deviation from the chores of the day becomes earth-shattering—when Jeanne forgets to cap the bowl where she keeps her whore's salary, the audience gasps.

This description might make the film seem a first-class snore. It isn't. Once you ease into Ackerman's rhythms, the tension begins to tighten like a stretched string; each frame of the film takes on a fragile, rigorous perfection that seems almost to mock the "chaste" order of this quintessentially bourgeois, sterile, killing existence. Most films—particularly leftist "woman's films" (John Sayles's recent *Lianna* is a good example)—tend to restate the obvious in clichéd terms. *Jeanne Dielman* is a genuinely disturbing film, done in a genuinely new style.

Brittania Hospital (British. D: Lindsay Anderson. Sc: David Sherwin. With Malcolm McDowell, Leonard Rossiter, Joan Plowright, Graham Crowden)—The third in a weirdly evolving trilogy



Malcolm McDowell after surgery.

nalism" and science, and human progress itself. McDowell's "Mick Travis" (who survived everything in *If* and *O Lucky Man!*) here winds up decapitated twice by a mad transplant surgeon—in a hospital besieged by hostile Marxists, crippled by a striking staff and imminently expecting a visit from HRH the Queen. Sherwin's script is virtuosic: the characters and events are as dense and multilayered as the Breughelian universes of Altman's *A Wedding or Nashville*. There are dozens of small catastrophes and crisscrossing plots, all plunging toward Armageddon—and the mood is as surreal and sarcastic as anything this side of Bunuel. This is a great movie—the best thing the above trio has ever done—but it has such a



Delphine Seyrig quietly cracking up.

from Lindsay Anderson, David Sherwin and Malcolm McDowell, who began by savaging England's "public schools" in *If*, and later carved up Horatio Alger-style "success" in *O Lucky Man!* Now they're after hospitals, the British class structure, unions, "investigative jour-

frantic, cynical, pop-anarchic feel (the "Goon Show" crossed with Brecht) that even some devotees of *If* may feel that Anderson has flipped: that now he's blasting away at his audiences for real, determined to draw blood or die screaming. □

SOUNDS

/ continued from page 89

thing. With Casady! That frustrated him a lot."

But Balin insists he was just trying to do it right—he ended up mistrusting the very "freedoms" the Airplane ideal was founded on when it came to arrangements and rehearsal. "I just want to play my music the way I hear it," he maintains. "People say my thing is R&B, but as far as I'm concerned, it's just my idea and I want it to get the right treatment. I used to end up playing all the instruments myself with the Airplane, or using whoever might be around the studio. I had always wanted to turn Jorma on to soul music and Jack always tried to put me down for being black or something. I'd say, 'Look, man, you're playing that Reverend Gary Davis stuff. That's black, isn't it?' Finally I did get through to Jorma, and after that we really used to cook onstage together."

Kantner and Slick developed their offshoot work with the Jefferson Starship, the central metaphor from their initial solo album, *Blows against the Empire*. Kantner's science-fiction-bred visions of the future didn't hold up, though, and Slick and Kantner recruited a new band that took the stage as the Jefferson Starship. The band featured ex-Quicksilver bassist David Freiberg, who filled in on harmonies with Grace and Paul, but the distinctive vocal sound which had originated with Marty was noticeably absent. A new guitarist, Craig Chaquico, added a lighter touch than Jorma's, making the group, along with drummer John Barbata and bassist/keyboardist Pete Sears, sound more like a conventional rock band. They were good, but it's awfully hard to follow something as unique as the Jefferson Airplane and they suffered by comparison. Kantner sought out Balin to complete the circle once more.

Despite successive disappointments with the two post-Airplane groups he tried to launch, Grootna and Bodacious D.F., Balin was hard won to come back to the fold. He was coaxed into contributing one song, "Caroline," to *Dragonfly*, and then, after a tentative West Coast dry run with the Starship onstage, Balin decided to throw his full weight into it. The result was the classic *Red Octopus* album, the most popular album ever produced by the Airplane/Starship, which featured Balin's best-known moment, the hit single "Miracles."

Balin left the group again after making another album, *Spitfire*, with them. He was replaced by vocalist Mickey

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Thomas. "They seem slick without me," Balin notes of the current lineup. "I keep reading these reviews and it's the same old story. There's Mickey doing all this singing and they don't give him the credit he deserves. They keep saying, 'Oh, Mickey's a great singer. . . and Grace and Mickey are so close you can't tell one from the other'—I bet he loves that. They didn't like me being too romantic and R&Bish, and they didn't like the songs I sang—which were big hits, right? So they get a guy who's even a better R&B singer than I was, a better stylist who sounds like the Toto sound, the Journey sound; they all sound alike, those singers. I mean, that style, that real recorded top-forty sound. Then the songs they have hits with are romantic ballads about a chick and a guy."

Balin looks back on his days with the Airplane fondly, and with more than a little awe. "I'm amazed that Paul and Grace and me didn't die already," he says. "I tell you the truth, we tried very hard. We did everything we could. We kept up with everybody. In fact, we started quite a few things. We were the guinea pigs: 'Let me out, master Owsley, let me sing now.' 'Here, take these, we'll let you out onto the stage. Follow the stage manager.' It was interesting."

"I haven't done acid since '69," Balin explains. "I did so much of it. And we had the best stuff made. It was right from the man himself. We were his testers. And so from us he would know exactly if it was too strong or maybe not strong enough. Usually it was too much. Especially after the gig, three days later. . . 'They found him where? He did what?' I myself often found myself in odd places."

In retrospect, Balin points to *After Bathing at Baxter's* as the album that best summed up the craziness of the Airplane experience. "That was an interesting album," he laughs, "quintessential psychedelia. That was really where we were at at the time. We couldn't even walk on the streets we were so famous. There'd be so many people in these homes they'd rent for us, these mansions we'd be left in to record. Everybody had their own entourage. You'd go to a door and knock and there'd be fifty people in the room. 'Could I see Jack, is Jack around? Is Grace around? Hey, Grace! Are you gonna hit the F? I'll go for the G, okay? Could you tell her I said G, please?' We'd sneak down to each other's room to try to get some work done. We'd say, 'Who are these people?' 'I dunno.' 'Who's that person in the kitchen?' 'I dunno.' 'Who are all those naked wo-



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men in the swimming pool?"

"That was After Bathing at Baxter's," Balin concludes. "The only time we could get together was in that studio, and when we got there we unleashed and released. So it was interesting; that was an interesting album for me. There were some songs on there like 'Won't You Try'/'Saturday Afternoon'—that was my favorite song of all time. I always loved to sing that song. We'd play a concert Saturday night and then we'd tell everybody, 'Hey, come Sunday, we're throwing a free gig in the park.' We always did that, we started that. To sing that on a Sunday when people were out there and the music was free and they were picnicking and drugging and doing everything they wanted to, dancing—when we hit that song, I tell you that was a high for me, that was the highest point."

"It's good you can look back and laugh," Balin says of those heady days. "It's not sad. 'Is that God up there playing that Les Paul?' I love Central Park on a good day, playing out in the open. People used to go crazy. I can remember standing in Central Park, bags of Orange Sunshine in our hands, just throwing them into the crowd. That was before it was illegal, they didn't even know what it was. You could see these FBI guys watching us through glasses, looking at us with these bags of candy drops, throwing them to the crowd, just singing away. We had so much of that stuff. Pretty soon five hours would be gone and we'd be still playing, people don't want us to leave. 'Oh God, what happens when they stop? What will we do?'"

Those days are gone, but Balin doesn't rule out the possibility of yet another reunion with his old cronies. "I'm all for it and I'm sure Paul is for it and Grace would probably be for it. It's just getting the right time together. I'd like to do a thing with Paul where he and I would do a lot of space songs. I have a lot of space stuff myself which I've worked on for some films, and he's got his space stuff, or epics or political things. I have some political things which are hard to get across to L.A. people, they're not into political stuff or talking about anything that doesn't deal with cocaine or fast cars or something. I always wanted to do an album with Grace, like a Tammi Terrell and Marvin Gaye trip, where you sing together, exchange romance. So, we'll do it in a different way: 'I love your metal face/I love your platinum eyes/Styrofoam me, baby.' Who cares, I can say anything she wants. I'm an old smoothie. I'll say what they like to hear." □

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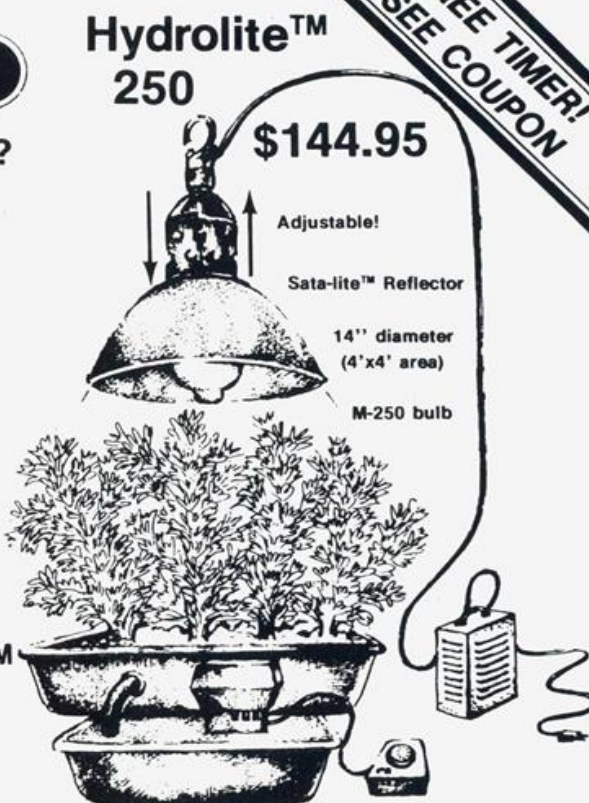


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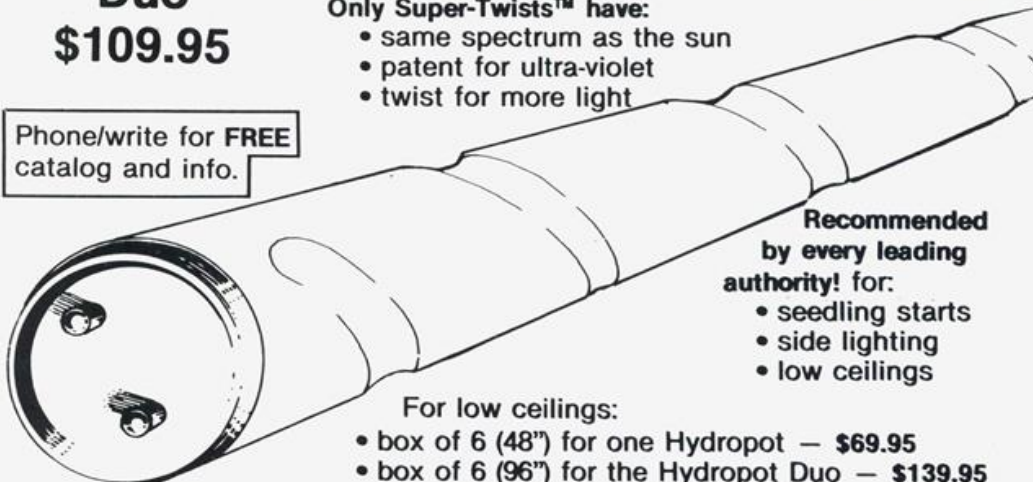
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ASK ED

/ continued from page 55

Even a small male plant produces copious amounts of pollen. Males can be trimmed back, or cuttings of them can be taken and kept alive in a water-filled bottle. There will still be enough pollen to go around. To collect pollen indoors, place a sheet of paper under the flowers.

Dear Ed:

If you reduce the photoperiod of a two- to three-month-old plant, when the plant flowers will it have as high a THC content as an older plant?

—Name and address withheld

Yes, the potency at mature flowering will be the same. Although the two plants have different chronological ages, they have reached the same level of maturity or ripeness. The older plant will probably be bigger.

Dear Ed:

Is it true that hanging your plants upside down makes better smoke?

—Doug
Calif.

THC is produced in the flowers, leaves and stems of the plant and is transferred to the adjacent glands, which swell to hold it. There is no THC transferred from one part of the plant to another. Until recently people thought that THC was produced in the roots and moved up to the leaves with the sap.

Hanging plants upside down is a good technique for drying and curing. The branches hold the buds apart so that there is air space between each one and the buds are preserved better in this position, because they don't touch each other. Also, after the plant has dried it is much easier to remove each bud individually.

Dear Ed:

Is my urine good for plants?

—Name withheld
Brick, N.J.

Yes. Urine contains nitrogen in a very usable form. It is too concentrated to use without diluting it, at the rate of one cup of urine to a gallon of water. The N content of urine varies with diet.

Dear Ed:

I have heard that the higher the elevation, the better the pot. I live at an elevation of only nine feet above sea level and have smoked some good pot grown here. Does

pot grown at higher elevations become more potent?

—Jerry
Cape Coral, Fla.

There is no evidence that elevation affects the potency of marijuana. It is grown in higher altitudes because it is harder to detect in the mountains. Were marijuana to become legal, its cultivation would quickly become popular among lowland farmers who dare not risk growing now.

Dear Ed:

I have four marijuana plants growing in my room. The plants are approximately five weeks old. Two plants have purplish stems and two have whitish ones. Are the two plants with purple stems nutrient deficient?

—Bluegrass Grass Chuckles
Marion, Ky.

Possible but unlikely. Since all the plants are being kept in the same environment and presumably get the same treatment, unless the plants' supply of potassium (K) were marginal, all the plants would show a deficiency.

The purple stems are probably genetically determined. This is not rare among indicas and Tibetan plants.

Ed has been stumped! Some readers have sent in questions to which I don't know the answers. Can you help? Here are this month's stumpers:

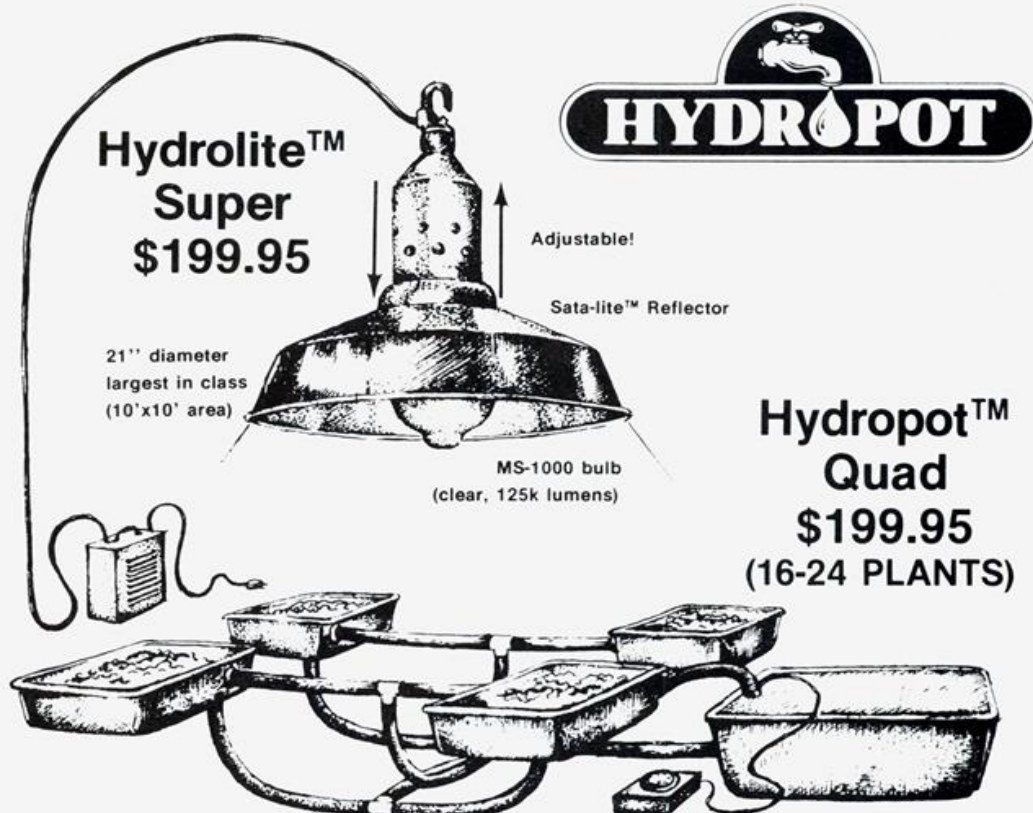
1.) I was told that if you give aspirin to your plants during flowering you will get bigger buds. Is this true and is it safe?

—J.H.
Conn.

2.) Has any study or research been done on using gas lighting for growing? Two advantages seem apparent: no spinning electric meter and a steady supply of CO₂.

—Bob
Santa Cruz mountains

Your response to this column has been tremendous. I am sorry that I cannot answer questions personally, but I hope we answer some of the ones on your mind. Keep the letters coming. I am not only looking for good questions, but also for tips on growing, and other comments you may have. Each month we feature the Bud of the Month and the Garden of the Month, so send in your pictures. If your material is used in the column, you will receive a free copy of *The Marijuana Growers Guide*, deluxe edition. All letters are strictly confidential. ☐



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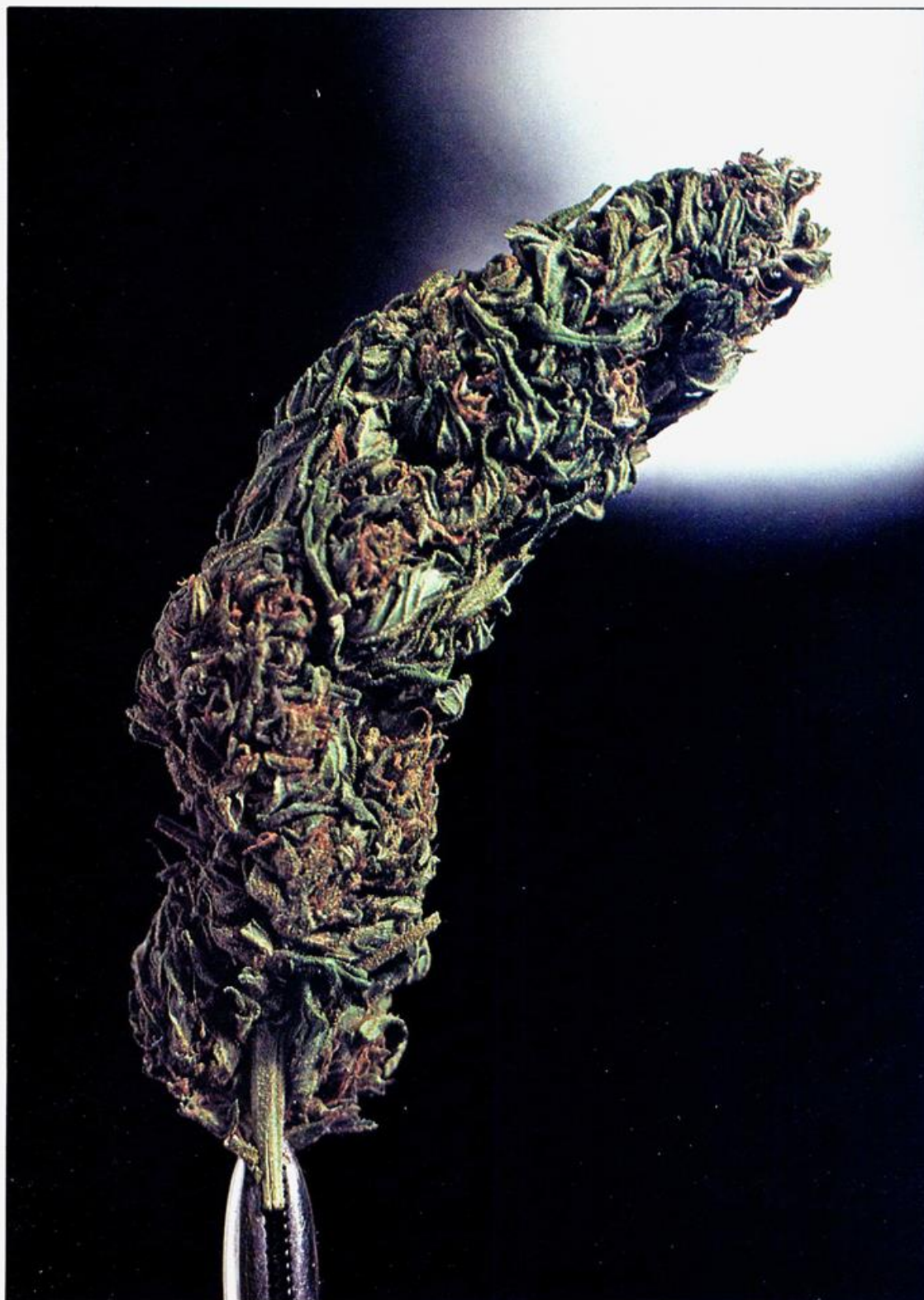
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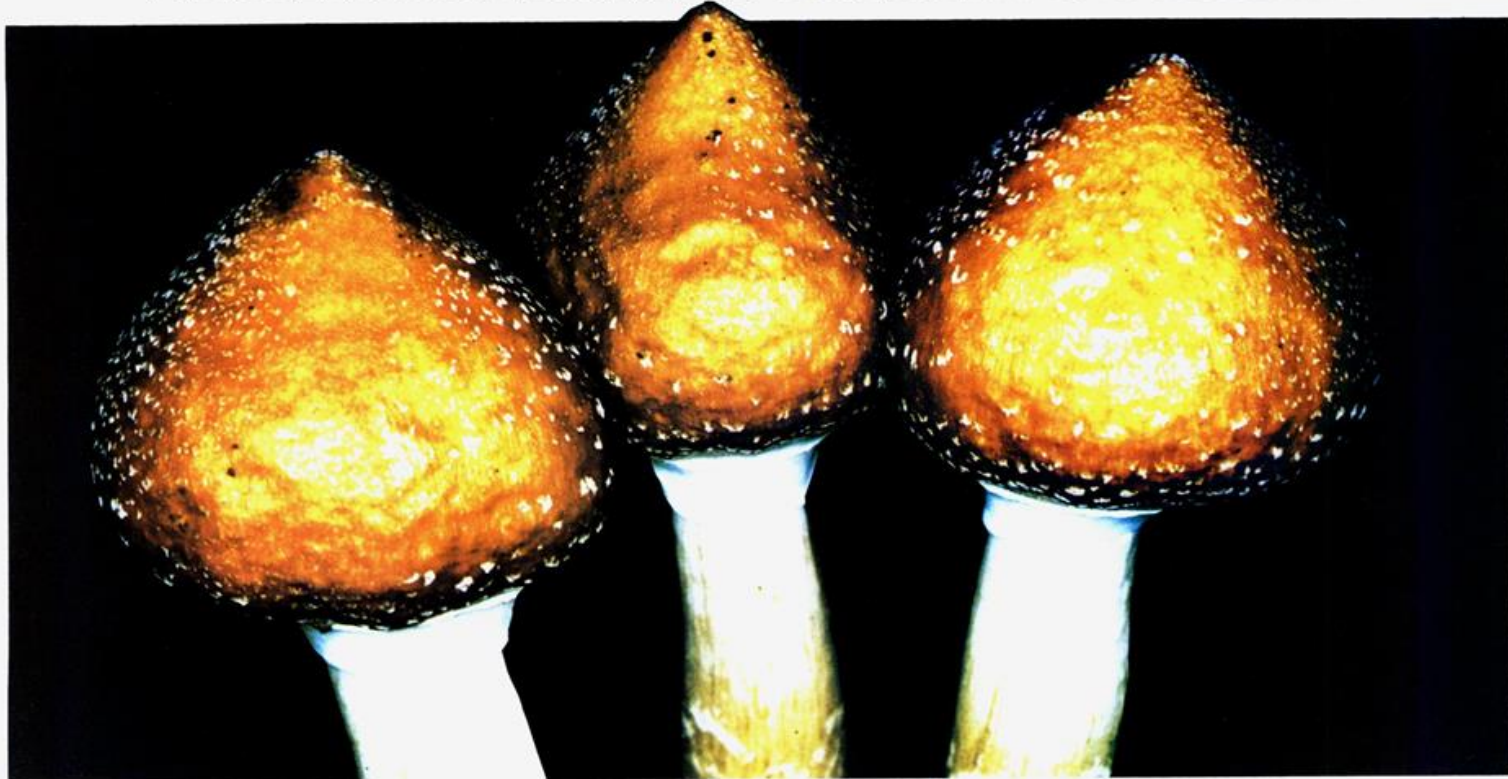
ONE MO' TIME

Since this bud was only on the cover
24 times, we figured you could use one more look at it—
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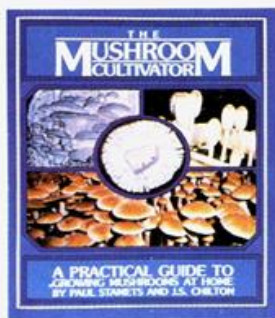
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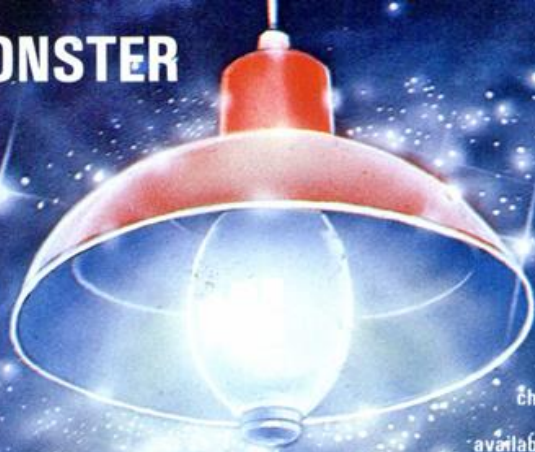
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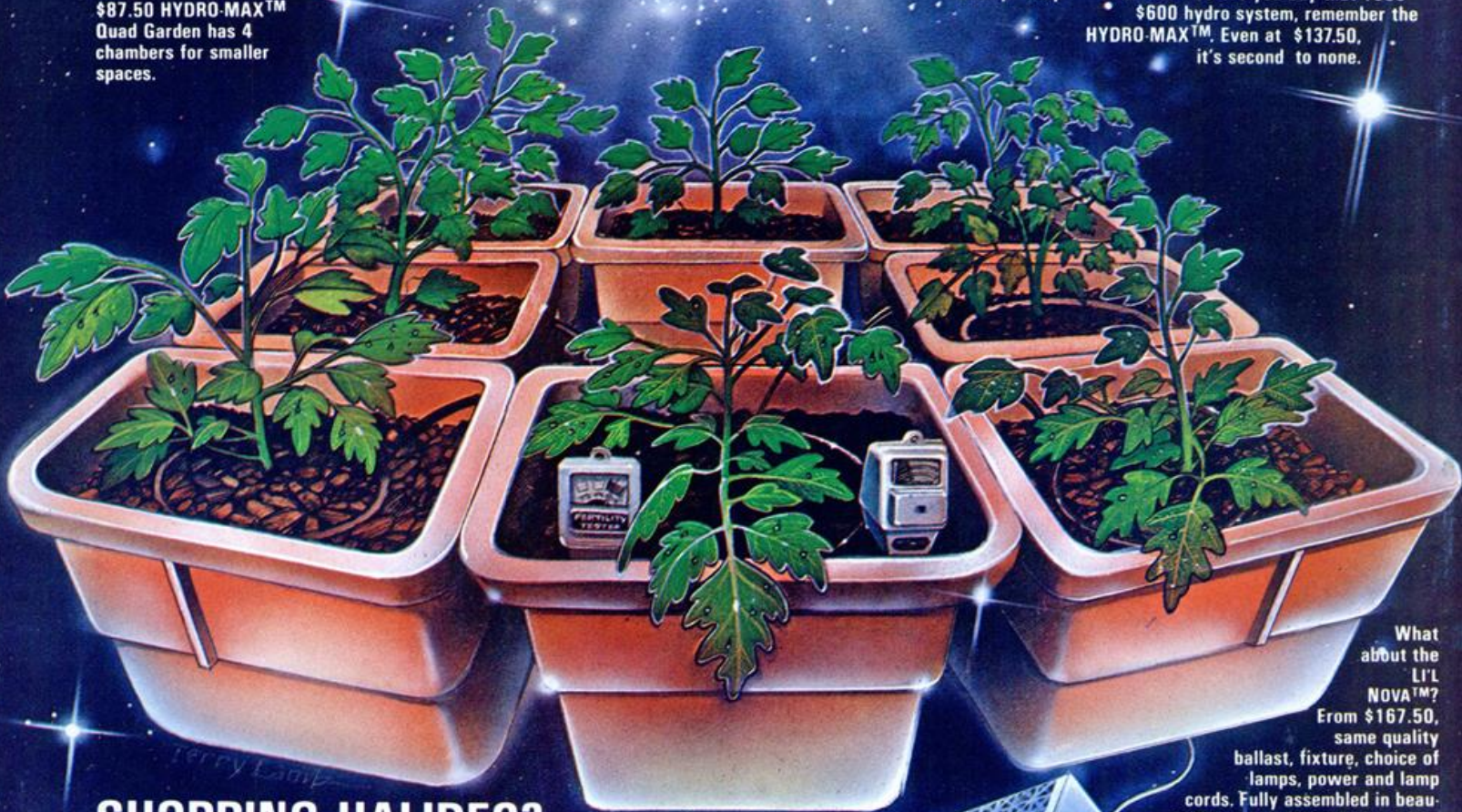
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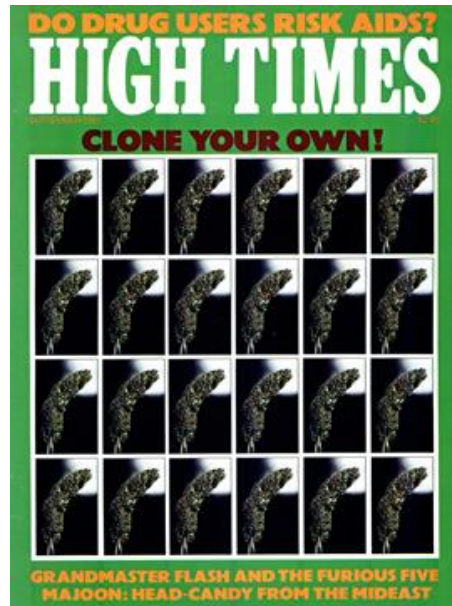
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